The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman, a Spring Double Number, in addition to all usual features and special articles by well-known writers on literature, music and the drama, will contain a fully illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of the season.

Adjudication on the large number of MSS. received in our Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas First Novel Prize Competition has been almost completed and we hope to announce the result in the April Bookman.

The latest addition to Messrs. Constable's admirable Makers of the Nineteenth Century series is a volume on "Cecil Rhodes" (15s. net) by Basil Williams, the general editor of the series, and author of the "Life of William Pitt." Our April Number will contain a Bookman Gallery article on Mr. Basil Williams and his work, by Captain Francis D. Grierson.

An important autobiography, described by Lord Northcliffe as "*the* autobiography of our time," is "Edward Bok," by Edward Bok, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing. It tells how, from small and unpromising beginnings, by sheer hard work and enterprise and the shrewd use of his natural abilities, Mr. Bok rose to be one of the most successful of men and famous of editors.

"Wayside Trees and How to Know Them," by Forster Robson, is the first volume in a new "How to Know Them" series which Mr. Thornton Butterworth has in preparation. Mr. Robson is his own artist, and has illustrated his book with a frontispiece in colour, collotype plates from pencil drawings and numerous pen-and-ink sketches. "Wayside Trees," which is just out, will be followed shortly by "Resident Birds," by E. F. M. Elms; "Roses and Rose Gardens" and "Town Gardening."

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's admirable Story of the Nations series is "Belgium: From the Roman Invasion to the Present Day," by Emile Cammaerts—the first complete history of the Belgian nation from its origins to its present situation to be published in this country.

"Coquette," a new novel by Frank Swinnerton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

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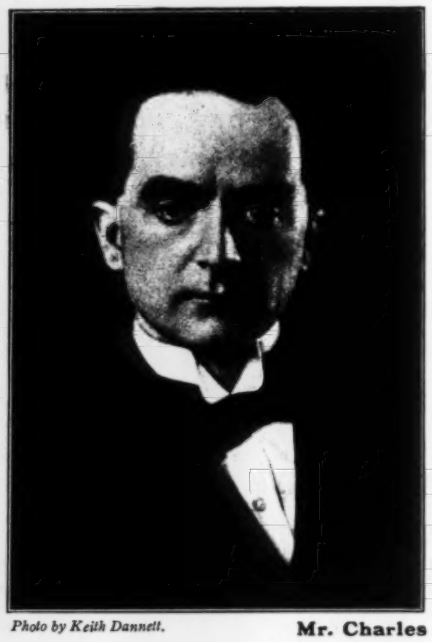

Photo by Keith Dannett.

Mr. Charles Kingston,

whose "Remarkable Rogues" Mr. John Lane is publishing.

Another new publisher, Mr. Perkin Warbeck, is signifying his arrival by the publication of three books of verse, the first of which "Mice and Other Poems," by Gerald Bullett, contains a preface by Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

A book of drawings in colour by Mr. Starr Wood, "Dances You Have Never Seen," with a dissertation on dancing by C. N., will be published this month by Messrs. Angold.

With its 1921 issue, the *Musical Directory* (8s.; Rudall, Carte & Co.) arrives within one year of its seventieth anniversary. Its lists of professors, teachers and traders in London and the provinces, with brief accounts of musical institutions, colleges, academies, charities, and other such information, make it a helpful, indispensable handbook for all connected with the professional or business sides of the musical world.

Dr. G. C. Williamson has written a series of essays on authors, books and miniatures, "Behind My Library Door," which Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing this spring.

The practical value of occultism in everyday life is the subject of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "Investigations in Occultism," which Messrs. Putnams have in the press.

In "The Greek Tradition" Mr. J. A. K. Thomson proved himself a scholar of ripe judgment and a writer with a style that had both strength and charm. In "Greeks and Barbarians," just published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (8s. 6d. net), he returns to a subject he has made his own and, by a method partly critical, partly historical, contrasts and elucidates the mental and moral ideals out of which Western civilisation has grown and shows how Hellenism was born of the conflict between Greek and Barbarian.

Miss M. Morgan Gibbon, whose first novel, "Jan," met with a very favourable reception last autumn, has finished a second book, "Helen Marsden," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.

"The Right to Strike," one of the ablest and most successful of last year's plays, presented the economic and moral aspects of the strike problem with a poignancy of human feeling and dramatic effectiveness which made such a powerful appeal to crowded audiences that the performance was not infrequently interrupted by emotional outbreaks of hissing or applause. The play has been translated into an equally forcible novel by Ernest Hutchinson and George Goodchild under the same title ("The Right to Strike," 2s. 6d. net), and is published by Messrs. Robert Hayes, Limited.

Mr. John Payne,

whose "Posthumous Poems" are reviewed in this Number.

Sir H. Rider Haggard, whose new novel, "She and Allan," is just published by Messrs. Hutchinson, was born in 1856. He was originally destined for the Foreign Office, but in his twentieth year accepted a sudden opportunity to go abroad to Africa as private secretary to the late Sir Henry Bulwer on his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Natal. In 1876 Rider Haggard accompanied Sir Theophilus Shepstone (of whose staff he is now the only survivor) on the historical Special Mission to the Transvaal, and when that country was annexed to the British Empire ran up the Union Jack on its formal hoisting over the new colony. After the annexation he was appointed Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, being the youngest man who ever held a mastership. He also served as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Pretorian Horse, a corps raised at the time of the Zulu War. On his return to England in 1880, he married the daughter of the late Major Margitson, a soldier well known in Norfolk. He went back to Africa a little later and lived for a short time near Newcastle in Natal, in the house with which readers of "Jess" will be familiar. On his return to England he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn.

Sir H. Rider Haggard,

whose new romance, "She and Allan," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

From a painting by W. Strang, A.R.A.

It was while he was studying for the Bar that he determined to try his hand at fiction. He had already written a number of articles and a political history of Africa. His first novel, "There Remaineth a Rest," was rewritten on a friend's advice, and a happier ending substituted. This was published under the title of "Dawn," and met with a certain amount of success. "The Witch's Head" followed, but it was "King Solomon's Mines" which brought him into world-wide repute, and incidentally, as he has been heard to remark, destroyed his prospect of success at the Bar, since solicitors are not eager to employ an advocate who has committed the crime of showing imaginative power!

The MS. of "King Solomon's Mines" was rejected by one or two publishers, but eventually came into the hands of W. E. Henley and Andrew Lang, who promptly recommended it to Messrs. Cassell, who published the book in 1886. In this story first appears Allan Quatermain, who reappears in "She and Allan," and has been a public favourite in fiction for no less than thirty-five years. The Bar having become impossible to him, Rider Haggard decided, not without groundless misgivings, to devote himself to literature. "She," perhaps his most popular story, was written in about six weeks and published in 1887. "Jess," "Maiwa's Revenge" and "Colonel Quaritch, V.C." followed, each adding to his reputation. His career has not been devoted entirely to writing fiction. He is a recognised authority on agricultural and rural affairs, and has written several highly important books on the subject. He has always been, and remains, a great traveller, having, amongst other expeditions, journeyed twice round the world. At home, he has been an active magistrate for over thirty years, and on several occasions has been nominated a Commissioner of the Crown. As the special representative of the Royal Colonial Institute he visited all the self-governing Dominions during the war to arrange for the post-war settlement of ex-soldiers and sailors on the land in various parts of the Empire. His new work, "She and Allan," which is illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A., tells of the first and last meeting of the old hunter, Allan Quatermain, and of the Zulu warrior, Umslopogaas, with the splendid and fickle She-who-must-be-obeyed in the ruins of Kôr, and of the many adventures that befell them there.

Literary taste is much too variable a quality to be described in the singular number, but most of us unite in confessing that we can always enjoy a good detective story; one distinguished and scholarly critic recently declared that nowadays it was the only sort of novel he really liked reading.

He will not be alone in liking to read "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" (7s. 6d.; John Lane), the first novel of Mrs. Agatha Christie, and the most ingenious and absorbingly interesting tale of sensation and mystery we have read for a long time. Mrs. Christie knows all the tricks, and does them with the cunningest skill, in an easy and attractive style that must have come by nature, for she has only just begun to practise. She says she has always been fond of detective stories. She wrote this first of her own as the result of a bet that she could not produce a story in which the reader, though given access to the same clues as the detective, would be unable to "spot" the murderer; and, if justice has been done, she must have collected the money. When she was Miss Miller, before she married Colonel Archibald Christie, C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1914, Mrs. Christie lived at Torquay, and during the war she took up dispensing, and worked there as a dispenser at the Red Cross Hospital; which may account for the girl dispenser in "The Mysterious Affair at Styles." She is at present engaged on a thriller of the most pronounced type, dealing with the adventures of a boy and girl couple who are seeking a job and find themselves involved in mysterious and exciting happenings; and has finished a series of detective stories concerning some of the cases solved by Hercule Poirot, the quaint little Belgian detective who figures so prominently in the Styles affair. We take pride to ourselves that with her first poem, "Harlequin's Song," Mrs. Christie won a prize in our monthly lyric competition, and owns it was this that encouraged her to go on writing.

Photo by Rita Martin. **Mrs. Agatha Christie.**

We have received from Messrs. Lafleur & Son the first Number of *Alliance Musicale*, a bi-monthly musical magazine devoted to all interested in orchestral and instrumental music. Notes on orchestral and musical news, and articles on "The Rise of the Violin in England," "The Orchestral Conductor," "Shakespeare's London Theatres," "The Story of the Beggar's Opera," the origin of the ballad opera, and an account of the beginnings and progress of the firm of Lafleur & Son make up a varied and interesting miscellany that augurs well for the success of the new venture.

Another excellent first Number, that of *Music and Youth*, a new monthly edited by E. M. G. Reed, reaches us from Messrs. Evans Bros. It appeals both to pupils and teachers, its purpose being to make the study of music easy and attractive to the young. There is a musical competition and musical puzzles; first exercises and studies for the piano, and a number of varied and well-written articles that deftly combine instruction with entertainment, including one on Grieg, the first in a series of "Lives of Musicians," by the editor.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Mr. R. L. Gales's "Old World Essays" (8s. 6d.; Daniel O'Connor) have all the charm and genial humour that we have learned to expect of the author of "Studies in Arcady." Whether he is writing of "Peasant Christianity," of "Heathen Folk-Lore," of "Poems, Bad and Good," or "Street Games Old and New," he always has something to say and his own way of saying it. He is as interested in life as in books, and gossips of both with shrewd good sense, a gracious idealism, and large discursiveness that make delightful reading and leave you the wiser for what you have read.

After reading the stories of some of our psycho-analysts it is refreshing to read one by Mr. Pett Ridge, who does not put on any scientific frills, but in spite of all temptations retains his delightful sense of humour and remains a novelist. In "Bannerton's Agency" (7s. 6d. net; Methuen) he has written a story of London life and character that, being true to the better as well as to the worse side of both, is intimately realistic without being merely unpleasant. Briefly, it is the story of how Grace Lennard left a good situation to marry a man who was an inveterate shirker, a drifter, and not fond of work; and of how, a practical, energetic young person herself, she took both their lives into her own hands and, in the result, made a man of her husband and a happy woman of herself. The book and its very miscellaneous company of men and women are all alive, and the whole tale, despite, or because of, all the sentiment and pathos that blend with its humour, is an excellently entertaining comedy.

"The Lure of the Honeybird," by J. Weedon Birch (7s. 6d. net; G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch), is a capital romance of love and adventure in Matabeleland, told by one who is obviously familiar with the place and its people. It is crowded with incident and dramatic surprises. Pete, the sinister half-caste, brings villainy into it and something of tragedy; and the romance of it gathers about Marie,

the daughter of Hardman, and about the son and daughter of the old settler Cranbourne, who were kidnapped as small children and brought up among the natives, the revelation of their identities at a critical hour clearing away certain apparently racial obstacles and making a happy ending possible. A thoroughly readable yarn.

Even though Mr. Maxwell Laurie may take too many liberties with the long arm of coincidence, he has in "The Black Blanket" (8s. 6d. net; Werner Laurie) written a first novel that makes uncommonly good reading. His pictures of life in a West Indian island are admirable, and his story of David Sheldon and the tragic vicissitudes that result from his having to live under suspicion of being a half-caste is one that holds the reader's interest throughout.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JOHN COURNOS.

SINCE the dim days when "Beowulf" was being sung to Saxon warriors, while over against them, round Gaelic fires, the men were being encouraged by Arthurian stories of derring-do, two streams of widely different literature have flowed from human minds. The two streams—that of the faery tale and actual life—do not mingle; but they flow side by side. The same age produces both; in fact, one may say that every age has produced them, for we have the early Saxon Chroniclers on the one hand and Giraldus Cambrensis on the other; we have Chaucer and Malory, Shakespeare and Spenser, Hardy and Tennyson, Theodore Dreiser and Hewlett. The one, looking back to an heroic past, says: "Here is the Ideal. Let us seek to bring heaven upon earth and, dreaming of the Golden Age, recreate it." The other, sceptical of past glories, dealing with men and matters as they are, leaves it to humankind to develop as it must.

The faery story—the story of things as they are not, as they cannot be—is immensely popular. If a woman is not loved, lovely and a queen, she would like to dope herself for a brief hour into the belief that she is. She would take refuge from hard facts in imaginary happiness. It may be enervating to do so, may leave her less able to battle for real joys, but, like a candle in a darkened room, it is a solace.

The story that deals with life, the life of to-day, the life which Wells tries to, and sometimes does, depict (which he would do better if he were not always in such a hurry), is stiffer material. It urges us to give our minds to the consideration of problems, to think. It says: "This is the state of affairs, here is a human story, these things happened to these people," and, in the end, most of us push aside the "happy ever after" book in favour of strong meat.

It is such a story—a story of actual happenings—a story without traditions, rigidly confined to the present—which John Cournos began in "The Mask," which he has continued in his just-published novel, "The Wall" (Methuen), and which he proposes to go on with in later books.

Mr. John Cournos.

When he wrote "The Mask" he had some difficulty in finding for it a publisher, on the ground, no doubt, that mice do not bring forth mountains; but once a sufficiently courageous mouse was found, the book leapt into a sort of fame; and it will be strange, indeed, if with the passage of time that fame does not increase. "The Mask" was published in England and America, where it received those column-long notices which so warm the heart of a writer. It was translated into French, German, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian. It was mentioned in connection with the "Hawthornden" prize (which, however, was awarded to Mr. John Freeman for verse), and it was generally conceded to be great after the manner of Romain Rolland's "Jean Cristophe," as great, but different.

Hitherto Mr. Cournos had only been known as a translator of Russian novels, of Sologub; but, while he worked on the art of another, his subconscious mind was busy with his own series—the story of a woods-goblin who became a newspaper boy in Philadelphia and later a newspaper man. For twelve years the seed had been germinating; at last it puts forth a leaf!

That "The Mask" should have so easily found its public is surprising. As a rule, big and original work repels rather than attracts. The reader finds in it something outside his experience. It may be good; it may be the reverse. As he is anxious not to make a mistake, the book is generally shelved for consideration—and while appreciation is growing the artist starves. That this fate has not overtaken Mr. Cournos is probably due to the fact that his book owes nothing, articulately, to the past, that it stands as clear of tradition, convention, the social shibboleth, as if novel-writing were his patent and this the first specimen ever made. For him the rules, canons, standards of

other writers simply do not exist. He makes his own. It is not that he differs from the authorities, but that he has not happened to notice there are any. He has written, therefore, as Neanderthal man drew, that is, of the things about him, the things he sees; and these things—industrialism as symbolised by the Three Chimneys in "The Wall"; industrialism as it presses on the lives of the people—are of almost universal interest. It is the fact that he is dealing with the day in which he lives and with the main preoccupation of that day, that has so quickly brought him to the notice not only of novel readers, but of the more intelligent members of a cosmopolitan public. He has something to say, and when a man says his say loudly, earnestly, and in a convincing manner, people will listen. Once they have yielded to his insistent "lend me your ears," it is for him to hold his audience; and this John Cournos does in several ways.

His subject is intriguing; he thinks, but he also stimulates thought in others. Baruch, old Gombarov, and more particularly John, the main character of the book (or books), question and leave us to answer the questions.

"Is it possible," thought Gombarov, "that civilisation with all its fine ideals, actually dehumanises one, makes one incapable of living normally, and inflicts upon one a Janus nature which faces in opposite directions, and renders it impossible to live either an ideal or a sensual life?"

Humanity may be roughly divided into those who follow authority, and a minority that prefers to think for itself. The latter find in "The Mask" and "The Wall" a suggestive symbolism, as when youth, hungry and clamorous, cries in the house of life, cries to deaf ears: "And though he went on crying his cry through the house, no one seemed to hear him, for they were all thinking of the dead." It is what we spend so much of our time doing; it is perhaps the reason that the great artists vouchsafed to us are not recognised until —yes, until their dead ears cannot hear the longed-for plaudits.

The reader, caught by the subject, held by the thought and symbolism, finds in "The Mask" and "The Wall" yet something more. The writing is often slipshod—at times Mr. Cournos seems to be lost in a desert of tedious words, a desert arid as Sahara; yet there is purpose in his journeyings, and much may be forgiven a man who can turn to us with: "One day Spring appeared with, as yet, a shy smile"; who can say of the girl, Raya: "Quiet, domestic, self-effacing, she was rather neglected. Her heart of gold lay quietly and deeply within her; and, covered by homeliness, as gold is often covered by the homely earth, it gave out no glitter"; who can lead us to some such oasis of beauty as the following: "Night lay upon the earth, tender and menacing. The earth yielded to his darkness, to his tenderness, to his menace. She yielded helplessly and unwillingly. She did not like his cold arms, his brooding face, his cavernous unfathomable eyes, his sepulchral silence. She lay quiet and inert, yielding to his embrace, waiting patiently for the coming of the sun, her lover and deliverer"; or give us poignant imagery such as: "From time to time realisation penetrated the fog in which she was immersed, like a bird with a small beak of fire, and it pecked at her heart with small hot stabs, very small at first, but growing deeper and bolder and more frequent. The little beak of fire continued to peck at her heart, while under her heart a new life stirred."

Beauty of writing, that beauty born of thought fused into flaming utterance, is the something more that Cournos has given us.

"The Mask" is the story of a "woods-goblin more familiar with the soft rustle of trees than with the harsh twang of men," whose family emigrates from Russia while he is still a child. Losing their money, they cross Europe to seek refuge in what they fondly imagine will prove a city of brotherly love, only to find themselves caught in the whirl of a civilisation more ruthless than the primitive conditions they have left—so that to them, "civilisation appeared to be inverted barbarism." John, starting work when only eleven, eventually becomes the mainstay of the family. In "The Wall" we learn how hardly this presses on his youth, "but the chaos of his existence strove towards orderliness, his torments towards peace, his pain towards beauty." The book ends when, as love—and John, as Edgar Jepson said of Hamlet, was "a washout as a lover"—has failed to teach him his lesson, and work has proved a mere wastage of the fires of youth, he leaves America for England, and, leaving, finds that for him, life is "just beginning."

The books might have had as an alternative title, "Childhood and Youth." This melancholy Russian Jew, engaged on a life history, the size of which puts to shame the modest trilogies of Arnold Bennett and J. D. Beresford, is the most ambitious writer of the day. His conception is mountainous. Unable to think episodically, he passes through a series of moods, each of which, lasting a couple of years, produces, not a complete work but one phase of a whole. Standing, as we must, close to this unfinished mass, it is difficult for us to estimate its size or appraise its value; while the flaws in it, the inequalities of the writing, the clumsy handling of much of the material, are only too apparent. The Queen who made the plum-pudding put in lumps of fat "as big as my two thumbs," and similarly Mr. Cournos drops in chunks of thought and discussion which are not pertinent to the story. But the Queen boiled her pudding until the fat made part of a savoury whole, while Mr. Cournos has left much of his raw. I was not surprised to hear that one publisher recommended him to study the novels of other, possibly inferior, and certainly less ambitious writers. He could do so to his gain. Novel-writing is more than an art, it is also a craft, and, while his originality is his own and will not be influenced by anything he reads, he could learn from others how to make his effects with less waste of energy, how to select; could say: "I see, that's how he does it." Conrad, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser—to mention only three of the writers who have handled effectively the big theme, show in their work a sense of proportion and construction. At present Mr. Cournos lacks this sense, but then, as with the main character of his book, so with him—life is just beginning! How many books has he written? Only two.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

THE READER.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771).

By George Saintsbury.

WHEN Smollett was born two hundred years ago, he made up the "foursome" of writers who were to lay the foundations—and something more than the foundations—of the great structure of the English novel. But no one of them had as yet done a stroke of work that way, unless Richardson's early practice as secretary-for-love-letters to servant-maids be counted in. It was, indeed, more than thirty years since the future author of "Pamela" was born; but nearly another twenty were to pass before he begat (somewhat in his own likeness except in sex and good looks) that ingenious compromise between business and virtue. Fielding was at Eton; and though it is probable that Sterne, even at eight years old, had already made up to some young damsel of equal maturity, he can scarcely have begun to make "copy" of his flames. But in actual novel-production Smollett, of course profiting by the example of two of his elders, was much the most precocious of the four. Richardson, as has been said, if indirectly, was over fifty when he published "Pamela"; Fielding, though he had produced many plays and had probably written some other fiction, was thirty-five when "Joseph Andrews" appeared; and Sterne, waiting more than as long after Smollett to publish as he had been born before him, was forty-seven when "Tristram Shandy" introduced not so much himself as other people to the British public. But Smollett was only seven-and-twenty when, after the then and at other times usual false starts with poem and play, he struck into his own line with "Roderick Random."

Tobias Smollett.

This comparative earliness—it must be remembered that a beginner now even at seventeen would be nothing like so early—is to some extent explicable by the special character of the book, and also by the special character of the man's genius, though the explanation does not derogate from that genius itself. "Roderick Random" is, as "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews" and "Tristram Shandy" are not, a novel which not merely may be said to have possible patterns of at least suggestion—that may be said of the others—but which belongs to a definitely constituted and pre-existing class, the picaresque. It freshens and reforms the model, as compared with Spanish, French and English forerunners, most remarkably. It is quite different from Defoe; and you may overhaul Mr. Esdaile's invaluable catalogue of our pre-Richardsonian romance-writers without finding any one else of whom Smollett is even the pupil. But it can hardly disclaim membership of an already recognised species. And it was the less likely *not* to be such a member because of the peculiar character of its author's gifts. Thackeray's sentence, "I fancy he did not invent much," has, I believe, been quarrelled with as well as endorsed; but I have no doubt myself of its correctness. Thackeray was a most uncertain critic, but it would be difficult to catch him out in matters where his own craft was concerned, and where his critical judgment was not obscured by moral or sentimental mists. Nor need any admirer of Scotland's first great novelist in order of time, and perhaps her second in that of merit, be offended at the apparent limitation. After all, *mimesis*, though it may be misleading to translate it "imitation," covers observation as well as experiment; and it would not be mere "fighting a prize" to contend that invention is rather more the business of the pure romancer than of the novelist. But these generalities are sterile things. Let us turn to the much fruitfuller business of seeing what Smollett actually was and actually did.

The "was" need not take us very long; indeed, it may almost be dispatched with the satisfactory formula, "a much better fellow than you might at first think." It is of course possible, by looking at the debit side only, to run up a rather ugly account against him. You not infrequently want at least an ounce of civet to overpower his coarseness, and a good deal more than an ounce of chivalry to counterbalance his brutality. One longs for some one to give Master Roderick a thorough good setting down first; and, if he resented it, a comfortable pass through the ribs which might allow him a month or two in bed to cool his blood and clear out his gall-bladder. Much more does one long for some one to thrash Master "Perry" within an inch of his life; while the strictest *lex talionis* might insist on his being permanently disfigured and crippled, if not

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indeed subjected to that extremity of retribution which was so nearly inflicted on a character in Richardson. The taking money for fathering Lady Vane's pornography was not pretty, nor was the "Habakkuk Hilding" business, though it must be admitted that Fielding himself was not quite guiltless there. The "Travels" are a triumph of *ill*-temper, and the "Adventures of An Atom" a desert of rancorous dullness. Let it be so. But everybody who really knows the eighteenth century knows that the ugly features here were real features of the time, presented without a veil by a nature more vigorous than refined; while ill-health and rough, if not exactly bad, fortune exasperated a naturally pugnacious disposition. On the other hand Smollett seems to have had a great deal of that "surly good nature" which is one of the historical characteristics uniting South and North Britain, and not the worst of them; he was admittedly most charitable, in deed if not in word; and I have myself always thought his letter to Wilkes in favour of Johnson's "Frank" (to be easily found in Boswell) not only curious and characteristic, but rather charming in its way. The candid acknowledgment, half jesting as it is, of the position of the "Great *Cham* of Literature"; the grumble, "he and I were never cater-cousins" (indeed, except politically, they had hardly anything in common), and the patient, full and essentially good-natured, if not quite accurate putting of the facts of the case so as to get indulgence if possible, make it very difficult to think otherwise than pleasantly of Smollett as a man.

The house in which Smollett was born and column raised to his memory, at Dalquhurn, Cardross.

From an old print.

But what he "was" in this sense—though it may have mattered a good deal to the lady whom men called Miss Anne Lascelles, and gods, as some would have it, "Narcissa," to his friends, to his enemies, and perhaps to himself—matters very little, if anything, to posterity, whatever certain busybodies among the said posterity may think. The matter for us is what he *did*—that is to say, what he was as a writer, and above all—so much above all that nothing else comes in much—as a novelist. "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn," is not very bad rhetorical verse; and the "History," which is most freely obtainable as bound up with that of his countryman, Mr. David Hume, is fair reading; while the translations to which he put his name, and in which he may have had more or less hand, are not bad translations. He seems, by Johnson's own testimony, to have infused into the *Critical Review*, which he edited, something better than a mere Grub Street spirit. But if these things had stood by themselves he would have been to us but as his own "copious Guthrie," or, to go a little higher, as Dr. John Campbell. Not with such is to be classed the author even of "Ferdinand Count Fathom" and "Sir Lancelot Greaves," still less of "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle; least of all of "Humphry Clinker."

I have sometimes wondered, though perhaps idly, what is the exact position of Smollett on what may be called the literary Stock and Share List of to-day? Editions of him still continue to appear—which, after all, is the principal point. The taste for "strong" things—I purposely use a convenient and widely connoting adjective—which came in with the nineties, and has scarcely gone out yet, should have favoured, and in some cases certainly did favour, him. But it seems to me that one does not often, at least as often as formerly, perceive those fragmentary and floating references to him in the literary work of the actual day which are the best test of sempervirescence, and which certainly did appear for more than a century after his death. Scott was born in the very year in which Smollett died; and before Scott's own death both Thackeray and Dickens had begun to write. To all three, and to a very large number of the literary contemporaries of all three, Smollett was evidently *archi-connu*. They had, to something like a certainty, read him early; and Roderick and Strap, Trunnion and Hatchway, Morgan and Lismahago, Tabitha and Winifred—if not, also, the grimmer pictures of "Fathom" and the oddly blended "interiors" of "Sir Lancelot Greaves," were members of their mental family and furniture of their spiritual home. I would venture (with all proper fear and trembling before a possible rebuke from my youthful betters) to say that it was not very different with me and with a certain number of my own contemporaries, though perhaps in smaller proportion than had been the case earlier. But does this familiarity continue? I do not say it does not; but *if* it does not I think it is a pity. And let none say, "Oh! we've plenty of better things, or at least of good enough things of our own." So, one may again timidly urge, had the earlier generations—or so they might think. 1770–1800 was perhaps worst off in this respect, but, after all, besides the rubbish of the mere Terror School and the Minerva Press, it had Fanny Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Inchbald, Godwin and Beckford, Moore and Bage. 1800–1830 had Scott and Miss Austen—*quid plures?* And immediately afterwards began the absolute harvest-time of the English novel from Dickens to Meredith. Yet people could read all these all this time and not leave

The combat between Roderick and Captain Weazel.

From "Roderick Random."

Smollett unread. One at least hopes that it is not otherwise now.

Of course it may be said, not without justice, that fresh accumulations inevitably obscure to some extent the first constituents of the heap. And that historical interest which adds so much to the enjoyment of those who *can* enjoy it, may not reasonably be expected to appeal to many. But it would, once more, be a very great pity if Smollett ceased to be read. That he is one of the very greatest of novelists nobody can contend, save in a freak, or because of some extra-literary partiality. But as it has been confessed by wine-lovers of unblemished orthodoxy that the very greatest growths and vintages are not those one cares to drink oftenest, so a practised novel reader may admit that something similar happens with novels, and that the second growths are here also best suited for repeated consumption. Now in this article of re-readableness Smollett scores. I should myself put Fielding much above him on all intellectual and most æsthetic considerations; I should (to use a common form of expression, which is a nearly perfect example of a "bull") be more sorry not to have read all Fielding's novels than I should be to have missed any one of Smollett's, even "Humphry Clinker." But, with the counter-exception of "Joseph Andrews," I am not sure that for mere re-reading as a pastime, say, in a country inn on a rainy day, I had not rather find one of Smollett's. And the causes of this re-readableness are perhaps worth examining. That he has few or none of the digressions — the *parabases* — which annoy some people so much in Fielding and Thackeray; of the retrospects and recitals which occur in novelists so different in character and date as Scott and Trollope; must undoubtedly be counted in, though not universally. For some of us *do* enjoy the first kind of "stuffing," and others, or the same, have been gifted by Providence with the invaluable power of skipping with ease what they enjoy with difficulty. A *verior causa*, or at least one of wider application, is his remarkable combination of plenty of incident, well told, and plenty of character sufficiently delineated.

The three black hairs.

From "Peregrine Pickle."

The first characteristic is of course the *sine qua non* of the adventure-novelist, whether his subject is a ride from Paris to Calais in spite of all the force and fraud of a Cardinal Richelieu, or a valetudinarian visit to Bath. But it is comparatively seldom that adventure-novelists have combined with their tale-telling faculty such a gift of characterisation as that which Smollett possessed. And it is perhaps in reference to this last that examination of his genius is most interesting. For sheer narrative power—the gift of telling a tale so that the auditor cannot choose but hear, and has no wish but to hear—is one of the ultimate mysteries of art. It cannot be analysed; and those who have tried to analyse it have, saving their reverences, seldom talked to any purpose. But the different fashions of what we may call life-presentation in fiction are somewhat less "kittle" to deal with. To schedule them completely here would be of course impossible; but this brief notice would be incomplete without, and may fitly be completed with, a word or two on the fashions which Smollett himself could and could not provide. Of what may be called "poetical" character—using the adjective in its transferred and common sense, as well as in its original one of "creative"—he had no mastery, and at this he made no attempt. You are not to look in him for a Hamlet or a Falstaff, a Beatrix Esmond or a Becky Sharp. He did not, and no doubt could not, analyse like Richardson; nor work out a complicated plot with perfectly live characters like Fielding; nor indulge in fugues of eccentric fantasy like Sterne. But he could reinforce that sheer narrative gift which has been attributed to him with a remarkable

Strap's misfortune in the Dining Cellar.

From "Roderick Random."

command of "humours" in the older as well as the more modern sense of the word—humours national, professional and individual—which seldom offend in either of the two directions in which such humours often sin—that of over-prominence in the particular case, and that of failing to get on with the general business. It is curious how *adequate*—granting the general scheme of the books and not asking them for what they do not offer—this characterisation, slight and superficial as it may seem to some, really is. For an outside and unhackneyed example, take Jerry Melford's letters to his friend at Jesus. Smollett can have had no interior knowledge of Oxford, and the eighteenth century notices of university life are, as a rule, by no means "convincing," yet, somehow or other, the slight touches here ring sufficiently true.

Now, to tell your story without stammering or boring, and to keep your puppets (even if they *be* puppets) "never *out*," are accomplishments not precisely attributable to the first-comer, or to many others besides the first-comer, among novelists. But the author of "Roderick Random" showed his possession of them at once, and the author of "Humphry Clinker" left examples of them to posterity in a vastly improved degree.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

By George Sampson.

A FEW weeks ago I heard Elgar's new 'Cello Concerto at the Queen's Hall. The solo was played most admirably by Miss Beatrice Harrison, whom I pause to salute as a player of genius, with the touch of personality that labour can develop but never bestow. No quantity of pains that you take (or inflict) will make you a genius on viol, lute or shawm. Labour will make you technically dexterous, but it will not give you the mysterious something that distinguishes genius from talent, the interpreter from the recorder. Immediately after the Elgar Concerto came Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," which I had heard and liked at its first performance here in 1897, and have heard and liked many times since. As I wended homewards, reflecting on the music, it seemed to me that these two pieces were engaged in a kind of conflict. They took at last the shape of two antagonistic forms of art, the art that is thought out, and the art that is felt out. The contest seems worth following, as it may give us a general view of Elgar and what he represents. A general view is certainly all I propose to attempt at the moment.

I am not going to deny that in the art that is thought out there may be a good deal of feeling, and that in the art that is felt out there may be a good deal of thought. The vital difference is that in the one the inspiration is mainly artistic, and in the other mainly intellectual. Now it seemed to me that, however faulty Elgar's concerto may prove when tested by familiarity, it was genuinely felt out, that its inspiration was purely artistic, and that Strauss's tone-poem, with all its camouflage of technical effectiveness, was something elaborately thought out, that its inspiration was mainly intellectual. I believe, in fact, that Strauss thinks in the terms of one art and writes in the terms of another. He is like Berlioz, to whose "Symphonie Fantastique" Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" is almost exactly parallel. Berlioz was an immensely clever man with a great knowledge of technique; but Berlioz scarcely exists to-day as a musician, because he was a man of letters who tried to express himself in music. Strauss, I feel, is that kind of composer. What captures one at first in his music is its air of literary distinction, and, as this is undeniable and even genuine, one goes on liking him until (as is always the case) the surface wears off, and the nature of the substance exhibits itself. I do not merely mean that Strauss's orchestral pieces are what is called "programme music." That does not matter. A great deal of undescribed music is programme music, and the tendency of time is to wear out the programme, and leave the music—if there is any. Elgar's "Enigma" variations are programme music of which we do not know the programme. Beethoven's great Leonora overture is programme music of which the programme is immaterial; it would remain a superb composition if every other trace of "Fidelio" were lost. The point I make about Strauss is that his compositions are conceived and carried out in the spirit of literature and not in the spirit of music; and what seems to me significant is that he has tended to become more literary and less musical. Consider all his tone-poems from "Don Juan" to "The Domestic Symphony," and you will, I think, admit the truth of this. "Don Quixote" (another 'cello concerto!) is a specially good example, for here he has jumbled his planes, even though in certain passages he has perhaps touched the height of his purely musical achievement. In trying to occupy the desk-chair and the music-stool at once he has come heavily to the ground.

Long before this the patient reader will have been wanting to remark that he had supposed this article was to be about Elgar, and it seems to be about Strauss. I have not forgotten Elgar. In fact, I have been describing him all the time; for the conclusion of my homeward reflections on that conflict of artistic principles was that Elgar's great merit consists in his being just what Richard Strauss is not—or, if you prefer it, in his not being just what Richard Strauss is. There are places in his work where he stumbles; there are places where he is clearly below his best; there are places where he becomes elaborate merely because he is concealing a thin patch of invention with technical display; but I think there is no place in all the work of his I know where he ceases to be a genuine musician, moved by the spirit of music. Where he succeeds, he succeeds as a musician; where he fails, he fails as Beethoven and Brahms sometimes failed, he fails as a musician, without trying for success of an alien order. Elgar is a man of serious and cultivated taste in literature, but he never writes the music of a man of letters.

That he is a genuine musician is the major proposition to be asserted of him; and I think the next is that he

is a genuinely English musician. Some time ago, the art-for-art's-sake people used to maintain that art was universal, not national, and that to talk about British art was as ridiculous as to talk about British mathematics. (Personally I would not talk about either. I know what English is; I do not know what British is.) The fallacy of the contention is obvious. Art is not mathematics. Art is the embodiment of a personality; mathematics is not. The desire for unnational art comes strangely from the countrymen of Shakespeare, for Shakespeare is richly, almost rankly, English. He could not conceivably have been Irish, or Scottish, or Welsh, or French, or Italian or Spanish; and certainly not German. There is the smell of English earth, the touch of English weather, the breadth of English humour, the soul of English character in all that he wrote. Shakespeare is English; Milton might have been translated from the Latin. Elgar's music has an unmistakably English quality. There is nothing of his that could have been written by anyone not English—like Shakespeare, by the way, he is a west-midlander. Whether he writes of Alassio or Spain or Bavaria, he writes as an Englishman. Even when he drops into a sentimental piece like "Salut d'Amour" or a popular tune like the "Pomp and Circumstance" (or "Land of Hope and Glory") refrain, it is English sentiment, English commonness that he achieves. And how, it may be asked, is he specially English? Well, he is strong, sincere, wholesome, reserved, a little self-conscious, humorous without being witty, learned without being pedantic, original without being eccentric, emotional and sentimental without losing restraint and a care for the decencies of life. He puts all of a reverent heart into his work, but he never parades it as a spectacle. He is never showy or bedizened, neither is he ever dowdy or sordid. You might call his music moral, and, in the best sense, it is respectable. It is the music of a country in which conduct is (or was) three parts of life. Think of "Gerontius," the subject of which is the death of a man and the passing of his soul into eternity. How easily a musician with all the resources of a modern orchestra and massed voices could let himself run wild with such a theme! But Elgar is not metaphysical as Brahms would have been, or hysterical as Chaikovsky would have been, or realistic as Strauss would have been, or ecclesiastical as Franck would have been. "Gerontius" is not like the "German Requiem" of Brahms, touched with the dread and fear of death, or like the "Requiem" of Verdi, an outburst of almost romantic emotionalism; it is solemn, sincere and deeply moving, but nobly restrained, and mindful of the power that comes from self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. By a significant chance the part of Gerontius found an ideal exponent in the late Gervase Elwes, himself the embodiment of an English gentleman's deep feeling, restraint and dignity. Elgar's first Symphony is inscribed to a dead king of England; but it is not pompous or abject, and its Funeral March is an elegy, not a shriek. Compare his two symphonies with any two symphonies of Chaikovsky, and you will feel the difference between what is English and what is Russian. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar; scratch an Englishman and you find a gentleman. Even in the more impersonal Violin Concerto the national character seems to prevail; it is as English as the last movement of the Brahms Concerto is Hungarian. The grace of Elgar is English, not Latin. He does not glitter, and he does not give us, as Debussy does, with French lucidity, a series of epigrams or *choses vues*. Elgar is, as I said, almost self-consciously English, for his favourite musical direction is *Nobilmente*. It is a good word. That is how Cromwell lived and Milton wrote, and Hampden fought, and King Charles died. It is how Algernon Sidney went to the scaffold, and how Robert Scott perished in the Antarctic. Elgar's nobility is not a caste possession, and has nothing in common with the brute tyranny of the Junker, or the elaborate ceremony of the *ancien régime*. It is the nobility of soul on which he calls, not the pedantry of quarterings—a truly English nobility, the nobility of a people, of a land where a great peer was also the Great Commoner.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir Edward Elgar.

Another quality for which he should be praised is that he has never written beyond his means. (In parenthesis I should like to pay a similar tribute to another musician, untimely dead, Samuel Coleridge Taylor, who was not a great composer, but who never tried to delude the public into thinking that he was. He never wrote beyond his means, and his music will endure the longer.) The young English composer of a generation ago set out with an oratorio on the scale of the B minor Mass. The young English composer of a time slightly later began with a mythic trilogy on a scale exceeding "The Ring." The young English composer of recent date procured a quantity of forty-stave music paper, and, having filled every bar of every stave with noises for all possible combinations of instruments (including some new ones), called the product a Symphonic Poem. What early music of Elgar's never came to performance no one but himself can say; but certainly none of his known works overleaped his

capacity. He has never made the mistake of writing his last works first. I heard "King Olaf" and other pieces in the nineties; I heard "The Dream of Gerontius" as soon as it came to London; I attended the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden (and a worse place for hearing his music you could never find); I have heard the first performance of all his later concert works publicly given in London; and I see him through all those years a real musician, developing and expanding as naturally as Beethoven developed from the Septet to the last Quartets.

In that development there are the marks of authentic growth. Elgar has grown out of himself, stage by stage, without any abnormality. Walter Bagehot long ago pointed out that an enduring community is one that has the gift of conservative innovation, of matching new institutions to old. That this is true of art as well as of politics Ruskin knew when he said that men of genius are known by their respect to law and tradition, their work being, not innovation, but a new creation, built upon the foundations laid of old. That is a very important principle. The art of To-day that does not contain a little of Yesterday will not have a To-morrow. We are the heirs of time. The iconoclasts who cry "Let us have done with the Past; we are the men of the Future," ignore the simple, supreme and determining fact that we are all (themselves included) creations of the Past, and can neither make nor receive except as the Past has taught us. Indeed, all that we create is part of the Past as soon as it is created, and it is the living Past or dead Past according as we add to, or merely repeat, the Past that was our forefathers'. The original child who decides to be totally unlike its parents and to have two heads and four hands will perish as the freak it is. "Es klang so alt, und war doch so neu," exclaimed Hans Sachs, when he thought of the puzzling music he had heard. That is the note that all enduring art must have, the note of a genuine ancestry and of a genuine personal quality. Beethoven took the symphony as Mozart left it, and, destroying nothing, made it a new creation. Brahms took the symphony as Beethoven left it, and, changing little, made it the vehicle of a real contemporary utterance. Elgar has taken, one by one, all the old classical forms, but he has not been mastered by their shapes or intimidated by their great traditions. His symphonies and concertos are built upon the foundations which were laid by the masters of old, but the building is his own, not an imitation of theirs. His music, with all its homage to the past, is the expression of a new personality. He does not write, he has never written, the Kappelmeister music into which the merely academic mind so readily drops.

At the risk of an anti-climax I will add that another mark of Elgar's greatness is that he can do little things and do them well. He has "magnoperated" with the best, but like the other masters he has known how to unbend, and some of his music has become popular in the best sense. It is not given to many musicians to find a song of theirs become, as "Land of Hope and Glory" has, an accepted unofficial national anthem. I am inclined to think it is a weakness of Elgar that he is afraid of his popular vein—he seems at times to avoid the obvious, and seek the recondite, lest the composer of "The Apostles" should be lured into another "Pomp and Circumstance." "Be not afraid of greatness" was the fatal advice to one whom ambition was to betray. "Be sometimes afraid of greatness" is sound advice even to an acknowledged master. But not all of Elgar's minor compositions can be called popular. His exquisite part songs are small, but they are not least among his works.

Elgar had the good fortune to be the son of a working musician, and to grow up in the atmosphere of his art. His development has thus been natural and wholesome, and not academically distorted. The circumstances that prevented him from going as a student to Leipsic perhaps seemed cruel at the time, but the failure saved his art alive. He has had to work his way through many forms of professional drudgery, writing or adapting the things that had to be used practically and immediately instead of the formal impracticable things that perish in the Conservatoire incinerator. Leipsic might have given him a fatally wrong orientation. As it is, he is the one modern musician of high rank and noble achievement that Englishmen can claim as their own. They can claim him with just pride and admiration.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from English poetry applicable to the Prince of Wales.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Julia Wickham Greenwood, of The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain, for the following:

THE CLOTHING OF THE LITTLE SOUL.

My fingers weave through weary days
The sombre patterns of the mill;
But my heart works with shining threads
On garments for you—still.

The pretty clothes I would have loved
To dress you in, had you been here,
Could not have been so soft as these
So delicate and sheer.

I think I hear your little Soul
Say, in a whisper, tenderly:
"My mother cannot keep her thoughts
From working still for me.

"I must put on what she has made
Of things so delicate and fair,
I think they are the very clothes
A little soul should wear."

We also select for printing:

THE PEDLAR OF DREAMS.

One met me on the lonely road that runs across the moor,
His hands and head and feet were bare, his dress was mean and poor;
But laughter lingered on his lips, his eyes were bright with joy,
And so I paused to speak with him—a little barefoot boy.

Quoth he, "My pack is stuffed with dreams; good master, take your fill."
He spread them out upon the grass, and carolled loud and shrill:
"I've dreams of Love and dreams of Youth and dreams of True Success;
I've dreams of Fame and Peace and Hope, and dreams of Happiness."

The laughing sunbeams caught his wares, and gold and blue they shone—
A dim mist swam before my eyes. . . . "Pack up your dreams, begone!
My time for dreams is o'er," I cried. "Why do you taunt me so?
They fell and crumbled into dust a score of years ago.

"There was a dream of Love I wrought, the woof was hard to weave,
So beautiful it seemed, and yet—'twas naught but make-believe;
For one by one the gold threads broke, and into dust it fell.
No more I traffic in the treacherous wares you fain would sell."

. . . A little silence reigned, and then the stranger spoke again.
"Dreams are of costly stuff," he said; "the price of Love is Pain.
You must go barefoot through the plain and climb the distant hill—
But Love shall wait your journey's end. Good master, take your fill."

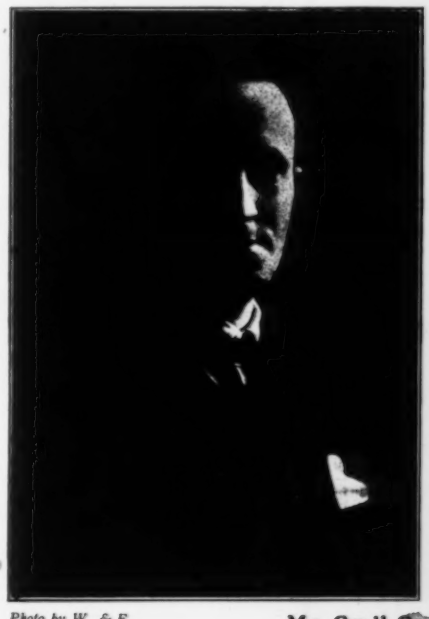

Photo by W. & E. Drummond Young.

Mr. Cyril G. Taylor,

a successful competitor in our Prize Competitions, whose first book of poems, "The Phantom Fiddler," published by Mr. C. W. Daniel, was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

. . . Night's shadow fell across the grass, the world lay hushed and grey. . . .
We stood together, he and I, and watched the dying day.
Then as the evening skies grew red I paid the youth his price,
And went, a barefoot pilgrim, down the road of Sacrifice!

(Lucy Malleson, 25, Auriol Road, West Kensington, W.14.)

A LA FIN DES FINS.

There are no more words to say,
For the living days are dead,
Dead and silent every one—
As the words you never said,
As the words you could not say.

I have no more love to give,
It was poured out on the sands!
What I gave—I gave indeed,
Now—my whole soul understands
Love is no more mine to give.

All my heart is beggared now;
Life has knocked and passed my door.
I have stretched out empty hands,
Barren now of all my store—
All my soul is beggared now.

(Mrs. Hope, Southwold, Suffolk.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), G. Gwyn (Bruges), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Ian Cameron (Putney), Geraldine Salmon (Canterbury), Ethel E. Mannier (Sunbury), N. W. Ware (Eastleigh), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), E. A. Macartney (Paris), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), A. E. N. Andrews (Newbury), Doris M. Atkinson (Leeds), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Isobel W. Sim (Natal), Ivy Vernon-Gand (Bristol), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), W. H. Shewring (Bristol), Irene Jennings (Windermere), Lorna

XUM

Keeling Collard (Wincanton), B. J. (Margate), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Evelyn Waugh (Lancing), R. Newman (Accrington), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), C. Burton (Norwood), D. M. Holt (Birkdale), Elspeth Carr (Barnes), A. T. Charman (Enfield), Vera J. Arlett (Worthing), Herbert Lionel Elvin (Westcliff), Norman H. Jones (Birmingham), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Vivien Ford (Bristol), E. H. G. (Norwood), Christiana M. Fazakerley (St. Helens), A. D. Johnson (Ealing), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Muriel Pinch (St. Leonards), Clarice M. Covell (Leeds), N. C. Clyne (Charlwood), I. A. (Mason's Bridge), Dorothy Nevill Fitt (Wangford), J. C. R. (Oxford), J. Binge (Sheffield), "Flamen" (Enfield), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), C. R. Girdlestone (Erpingham), Robert Cogger (Dartford), S. Elizabeth Underwood (Gloucester), John McGarvie (Glasgow), "Moonstone" (Liverpool), C. M. E. Semper (Spilsby), Margery Young (London, W.), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Arthur E. Brown (Cardiff), F. Tylee (Bath), Beryl Carter (Hove), E. A. S. (Chingford), G. S. Purnell (Sandown), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Margery Hunter Woods (Cheltenham), "Wanderer" (Tottenham), O. J. O'Connor Duffy (Moy), Dorothy C. Trollope (East Ham).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to John Cullinane, of 48, Summerville Park, Rathmines, Dublin, for the following:

FIGS FROM THISTLES. BY ISABEL M. PEACOCKE. (Ward, Lock.)

"Stands Scotland where it did?"
Macbeth, IV., 3.

We also select for printing:

A SCORE IN METRE. BY THOMAS SHARP. (Fifield.)

"Twenty lovesick maidens we,
Lovesick all against our will—
Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty lovesick maidens still."
W. S. GILBERT, *Patience*.

(L. H. Freeman, "Auburn," Paisley Road, West Southbourne.)

BONES IN LONDON. BY EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock.)

"What d'you think of that, my dog?"
HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream*.

(B. C. Hardy, Holland Tower, West Cliff, Bournemouth.)

TRICKS OF THE TRADE. BY J. C. SQUIRE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"He said, 'I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton pies,
And sell them in the street.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass*.

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Concha, San Sebastian, Guipuzcoa, Spain.)

SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T." BY MISS KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN. (Jarrold.)

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 2.

(J. T. Harris, The Lawns, Witherslack, Grange-over-Sands.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quatrain addressed to the new jurywomen is awarded to Malcom M. Thomson, of 56, Russell Square, W.C.1, for the following:

THE WOMEN OF THE JURY.

Justice was aye a woman, though for years
Men have essayed a feeble imitation;
In vain! But now the Goddess reappears,
When you dispense the justice of the nation!

We are not surprised that so good a subject has inspired many competitors, but we are disappointed that it did not inspire them more. The twelve best of the numerous other quatrains received are those by M. C. Stanley (Sale), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), S. C. Phillips (Bushey Heath), L. Thomason (Banbury), M. McDonnell (Lancaster), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), V. Ford (Bristol), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Percy Lennoc (Hertford).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Kathleen Rice, of The Warren, Devonshire Road, Harpenden, for the following:

A RECKLESS PURITAN. BY MRS. VICTOR RICKARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It often happens that the attraction of a character in fiction is not actually felt by the reader; but in this book Georgie Desmond's appeal to the affections is very real. Her small indiscretions in her Irish home life are amusingly told. Her flirtation with Clint, her marriage to, and afterwards her separation from him, follow one another in easy sequence; her character developing through the happenings of her life in a way that endears her to the reader. Her intermittent friendship with Lousada and the events that lead to their ultimate happiness add interest to this pleasant story.

We also select for printing:

BLISS AND OTHER STORIES. BY KATHARINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

If a fly on the wall could record its impressions I believe they would be marked with the same impersonal touch, the same attention to minute detail that characterises Miss Mansfield's work in her volume of short stories. Stories? They are scarcely more than sketches, each one a perfect little cameo, a fragment of a life, wonderfully suggestive, full of an irony almost amounting to cynicism, and painted with a vividness, a ruthless impressionism. Miss Mansfield, in her subtlety, her finenesses, has much that is akin to the work of some of the most brilliant French authors.

(M. C. Smyth, Pirbright, West Cliff, Bournemouth.)

THE BRONZE VENUS. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Grant Richards.)

Gloomy prophets have already foretold misfortune and despair for 1921, hence this entertaining effort to counteract acute national melancholia is specially welcomed. Mr. Phillpotts deliberately holds his more imposing personality in leash, and gives us a gay, irresponsible farce that opens pianissimo and ends in a riotous crescendo of sparks, as all good fireworks should. The plot is based on the eternal conflict of youth with age, and its triumphant determination to marry as it wishes, despite the macadam objections and narrow prejudices of adamant parents. The author's "fresh fields" are delightful, but we prefer Mr. Phillpotts of Dartmoor.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Charles Gerken (Hong Kong), A. R. MacPhail (Blackheath), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Winifred Jackson (Solihull), Stella Whittaker (East Sheen), Una Malleson (London, W.), C. E. Ellis (Brentwood), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), N. Shorter (Hastings), C. Fell Smith (Felsted), Alfred Green (Skipton), A. A. Cocker (Bury), L. G. Mugford (London, S.W.), Frances Dickson (Hampstead), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Kathleen T. Maryson, of "Jesmond," The Park, West Hartlepool.

ANDREW MARVELL: THE POET OF THE GARDEN AND THE SWORD.

By EDWARD WRIGHT.

BORN in the sunset of the Elizabethan age and dying in the darkness that followed the Cromwellian period, Andrew Marvell is a kind of ghost in our literature. He would not now be commemorated but for a resurrection from oblivion as remarkable as that of Campion. In his lifetime he had no poetic fame, except as a rough lampoonist. He published none of his fine verse, and though after his death part of his poetry was printed, its worth was not recognised and his best piece was not included. For some years a few good judges, like Swift, though neglecting his verse, remembered him as the master of a new prose style, and throughout the eighteenth century a small succession of men of republican bent honoured him as one of the heroes of the Stewart age of corruption. Because of their affection for him as a politician, they collected his verse, published and unpublished, and printed it as a literary curiosity. About half a century later, after Wordsworth merely hailed Marvell in passing as a political reformer, Lamb, exploring our old literature with impeccable taste, found the poet and acclaimed him. At the present time Marvell probably has some thousandfold more loving admirers than he had in his lifetime.

Andrew Marvell.

From a portrait at Trinity House, Hull, for which city Marvell was thrice elected M.P.

He would be amazed if, on this third centenary of his birth, he could see from what light pastime his fame has revived and spread. Poetry was but a toy of his rare leisure, in a busy, fighting career of politics and religion. Most of it was composed in a Yorkshire country seat, during a short seclusion from a world of war, when he was acting as tutor to the little daughter of the former commander of the Parliamentary forces, Lord Fairfax. As soon as Marvell, with the help of Milton, rose to a place of power under Cromwell, and brought Dryden with him into the Office for Foreign Affairs, his early passion for poetry seems to have failed. He had then already written his finest work—the "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland"—and did nothing more of high quality, though, inspired no doubt by Milton's intensity of purpose, he hoped to bend all his powers to the composition of a masterpiece of a grave kind. Leisure was what he asked for, in a hastily-rhymed address to Cromwell, but leisure he never henceforward enjoyed. A year before the return of the Stewarts he became Member of Parliament for the fierce Puritanic town of Hull, and succeeded his friend Milton as the champion of liberty. After a long and apparently vain struggle, both openly as a statesman and covertly as the most virulent of satirists, he plotted in Holland for the establishment of that Protestant Succession which was practically achieved by the Dutch king ten years after the great Puritan poet's death.

Much of Marvell's poetic work is lost. Some manuscript copies of his later lampoons, descending into terms of abuse that can scarcely be printed, are to be found in the British Museum. But there is also an important quantity of fine verse by him known to have existed in private families of the English middle class in the middle of the eighteenth century. The "Ode on Cromwell" was then recovered from a family of this sort, but nothing else of high value has since been found. If old Free Church stocks, especially those connected with London or Hull in the time of the later Stewarts, were to look through all ancient papers they possess, we might be able to crown the tri-centenary of the last of the great Puritan poets by the recovery of his lost works.

Perhaps Marvell scarcely deserves the title of Puritan poet. In a life of some fifty-seven years he passed through a variety of religions, from Calvinism to Roman Catholicism, and was perhaps a liberal sort of Church of England man, until the persecution of the Free Churches and the French treaty with the Stewarts for the erection of an absolute monarchy and a general return to the Roman system made him one of the most active and cautiously daring leaders of the fighting school of Protestants. His best verse was composed before the age of thirty. He began writing as a travelled scholar, perplexed with the events of the civil war and longing for peace. He was then a close friend of Lovelace and other young Royalists of a literary turn of mind, and Lord Fairfax, in whose service he entered, was not averse to the restoration of the Stewart line. Fairfax was solacing himself and cultivating peace of mind by making verses on rural themes, and Marvell followed him in singing of the gardens, hayfields and river by Appleton House, the building of which was just finished when the general and the poet arrived in 1650.

In style Marvell was at first a late disciple of Donne.

XUM

He could imitate his master fairly well in far-fetched fancies, and equal Crashaw and Cowley in fantastic arabesques. All this was the ruling fashion at Cambridge, where at Trinity College he followed George Herbert, Milton and Cowley, and was succeeded by Dryden. But his way of versifying became clearer in four years of travel and loving study of classic poets. Fanciful he remained, but in a delicate, charming way, and, suddenly bringing an intense imaginative energy to bear on some garden fancy, he rose into high poetry. I sometimes think the only man of his school of landscape verse is his riotous French contemporary, Thèophile de Viaud, whose stanza on a flower- and rush-edged stream:

" L'ombre de cette fleur vermeille
Etcelle de ce jonc penchant,
Paraîssent d'être, là, dedans,
Les songes de l'eau qui sommeille "—

seems to me curiously like Marvell's transmutation of a pretty conceit into a flower of imagination. The English poet, however, has a finer range of natural ecstasy. Unmoved by any fierceness of passion like Donne's, and not uplifted by any vehement mystic emotion like Vaughan's, he could yet in a high mood throw his spirit into any object that delighted him. In the small world of the Fairfax estate—garden, park and river leas—he expressed into poetry a philosophy as large as that which Coleridge could not reduce into prose. He was a singing Cambridge Platonist. For instance, there is the famous stanza in " The Garden," in which, after singing that he loves greenness of tree and grass more than the hues of flowers, he soars into a most picturesque idealism:

" Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

That veritably is metaphysical poetry. It is based on an extraordinary personal experience. There is an ecstasy of spirit in Nature, possibly distinct from the ecstasy of soul in religion. Wordsworth has indicated it, from experience, in some of his verse; Richard Jefferies and Mr. W. H. Hudson have tried to describe it in prose. I suspect the experience is the base of all that is of genuine feeling in pantheism. Marvell seems to be the first modern poet in Europe to express the mood in which he could, while " casting the body's vest aside," animate a tree, or sing in its boughs like a bird. In his two best garden poems he describes this natural flight of the spirit into animate things, but at the end, afraid perhaps of being laughed at, he closes with a cynical flirt of mind, saying that his garden paradise is doubly a paradise, for that there is no Eve in it!

Marvell visiting Milton at Chalfont St. Giles.

From the painting by George Boughton, R.A., in the possession of Colonel Fairfax.

In exquisite detail of nature study Marvell is excelled scarcely by Shakespeare. Later poets, inspired by Gilbert White, may now equal his woodpecker and hatching throstle, but few or none can match him in concentrating a sudden blaze of imagination upon some small ordinary object and fusing it into something wonderful, as when his kingfisher, " flying betwixt the day and night," dyes the air, and changes, as she recedes up-stream, into a " sapphire-wingèd mist." Finally, his Ode on Cromwell, with its simplicity of structure and grandeur of tone, rests without parallel in our literature, proving him the true successor to his friend Milton, capable of attaining at a leap a height to which neither Dryden nor Pope could laboriously climb. Marvell's absorption in politics, at the age of thirty-nine, was probably a greater loss to our literature than the premature death of Keats. He had it in him to be a supreme moulding force during a most critical period of fluctuating taste. He justly felt superior to Dryden, whom he came strongly to despise as a frenchified, facile rhymer, and by the developing energy of his own genius he could have been the torch-bearer in English poetry, reaching out and lighting the impressionable mind of Pope as, by his now forgotten controversial prose, he kindled the hard mind of Swift. It might be contended that, by reason of the Ode on Cromwell and all that was buried with it, Marvell should be ranked alongside Marlowe and Keats, although his single achievement in the grand style was incomplete in quality, having no variety like theirs, and possessing no effective power upon other poets.

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XUM

New Books.

W. E. H.*

Henley is a boy's critic. His positive, knowing, defiant manner; his assured movement in a world of slang, swear-words and swords; his contemptuous dismissal of Sentiment and Rhetoric—all of them take youth, and hide, for a time, his own fundamental sentimentality, his own incurable rhetoric. Re-reading these major essays—where, by the way, is the Stevenson, and where the Swinburne?—I can feel in some of them the charm which they first exerted. Where Henley is at one with his subject, as in the Burns, the Fielding or the admirable series of notes to Byron's letters, he is the best guide in the world. He is not an interpreter. Devoid of the high kind of imagination, always too prone to favour mere strength of language, vivacity and vigour of expression, he can describe a man or a situation with unerring skill. His style in these essays is at its best. He is a little too fond of the paraphrase, the semi-humorous, buttonholing aside; he flatters his readers by the intensity of interest he assumes in them; and awakes that interest by assuming it. Never was a gang of notabilities, ordinary folk and nonentities made so exciting as in the series of vignettes here called "Byron's World." Some are caricatures. If Henley did not like a man, he first disfigured him and then took his photograph; but most of them are unsurpassed for their likeness to the originals, for a veracity of impression which at times, with the subjects he has in hand, reaches the dignity of truth.

It is a different matter when he approaches more considerable, more real persons. He came as near making an idol of Fielding as of any man; his homage is sincere and helps to produce one of his finest essays, yet one feels that he has not really grasped the virtue of Fielding, the curious dignity which, granted the national difference, makes Fielding, of all our authors, seem closest to Cervantes. The "Smollett" is admirable, if one wants an essay which disapproves of Smollett, a man and a novelist who certainly did little to extort approval, though one gives him readily enough admiration and even respect; but Henley here is misled a little by the tradition which puts Smollett too high for his deserts. Posterity must surely put him below Marryat, even though "Humphry Clinker" rates higher than any one of Marryat's novels. With Hazlitt and with Burns Henley is at his best; his Burns is more of "the jolly beggar" than he himself would have cared to seem; there is no trace in the portrait of the Burns who charmed women other than raffishly, but it is a portrait, as serene and as unimaginative as a Raeburn. In the other essays Henley's weaknesses are more apparent. He is humanly susceptible to the charm of old friendship and old loyalty, and this makes his essay on T. E. Brown as unbalanced a piece of writing as was ever done by a reputable critic. It is a pity; for Brown is a fairly good poet, and it is a shame that the sane reader should be put off him by Henley's absurd efforts to rate him above Tennyson or Browning. Hugo he falls on much as Thackeray fell on Louis XIV, but with less excuse; the old man was something more than a *poseur* with a picturesque gift for inaccurate history. Henley is careful not to mention "Notre Dame de Paris." The Balzac is better, but bearing a little too much to the grubby side of a great man; there were moods in Henley when he seemed to believe you could best learn the truth by lurking outside the laundry as the washing was taken in.

If early enthusiasm is not revived by the Essays, it is another thing with the Poems. There is truculence enough in them. Even the fine patriotism of "Pro Rege Nostro" is spoiled by the false rodomontade of the last verse with its nonsensical "Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword." There are too many capital letters; too many vague, sounding adjectives; too much ejaculation; too many loud-voiced exclamations that we are the people. In truth, Henley was done the worst service in the world when his friends or his temperament persuaded him he was a seer. He had no wisdom. What he had was kindness, pity, a gift for natural song, and a mind constantly aware of the imminence and the fear of death. What death meant to him it is not easy to ascertain. Most of the poems which deal with it are full of a sombre content that death is the end; but in his lines to his daughter there is another muse, and he speaks for a moment of a more human desire for immortality. The longer, boastful poems, poems full of sinister images and violent metaphors, are boys' poems, as the essays are boys' criticism. The desire to shout "lust" and "crapulous" and "obscene" and "rakehell" very loud and often in the British public's ears was strong in Henley. In part it was his form of sharing in the "decadence"; in part, I believe, it was a real anxiety to rescue good words from disuse and misuse; and in part it was a symptom of that "virility," which makes so much "masculine" literature seem childish to women and to all men who are shocked by things rather than words.

The true Henley, the Henley who is a poet and not merely a superb craftsman, is to be found not in the more ambitious efforts, but in the songs, in the formal poems, where he combines Mr. Dobson's grace with a richness of his own, and in some of those irregular poems where he excels so consummately the efforts of our modern imagists. In the shorter songs there is no trace of that swagger, of that insincerity which spoils so much of Henley's work. He is simple, direct and human, not hiding his weaknesses or his wiles in a noisy outburst of buckram courage.

There are memorable things belonging to the middle seventies, the Falmouth ballad, the Kew ballad, and in their very different way, the Hospital rhymes. And this singing Henley remained the truest. As he grew older, his essays in the noisier modes, the songs about speed and sword and swash, grew more mechanical, full of the old virtuosity but lacking the old gusto. But if he drops his trombone and drum (I'm sure he could use the instruments simultaneously) and picks up the old fiddle again, music steals over him into his heart, and music flows from his lips:

"Dearest, when I am dead,
Make one last song for me;
Sing what I would have said—
Righting life's wrong for me.

"Tell them how, early and late,
Glad ran the days with me,
Seeing how goodly and great,
Love, were your ways with me!"

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Poems. Essays." By W. E. Henley. 2 vols. 12s. net each. (Macmillan.)

A SKETCH OF SPURGEON.*

Great preachers, like great actors, are soon forgotten. Once the immediate recollection of their successes begins to fade, their reputation becomes a mystery to the next generation. Which is true, even if preachers have often the advantage of leaving printed sermons to accredit their powers. For sermons only reveal in print a small part of the preacher's power. His personality works far more richly than words can convey. And this was true of a preacher like Spurgeon. Those who heard him still speak of his wonderful voice, his fine Saxon English, and his extraordinary power of holding and persuading a large audience. But to read his sermons is not to grasp all these factors of his success. The sermons show his rigid Calvinism, his absolute belief in verbal inspiration, and

* "C. H. Spurgeon: A Biography." By the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton. (Williams & Norgate.)

his devotion to the Pauline theology. Yet we wish to penetrate further into his work; he had a true genius for preaching, and genius in any department is a challenge to the mind. What Mr. Fullerton gives us in this book is not, however, a psychological study; it is a record, drawn from contemporary documents and partly from personal observation, of Spurgeon's methods and achievements. The facts which he tabulates tell the old story. Spurgeon's genius was not indebted to training, at least to training of a university kind. He read books all through his life. It is absurd to think and speak of him as unlettered. But preaching was a gift that apparently came to him, and, although he worked hard at his calling, realising, as a German would say, that a *Gabe* means an *Aufgabe*, his best work remained spontaneous. He organised a college for pastors; he started an orphanage. But pre-eminently he was a man called to "speak the Word," and he kept to his calling.

He came to London in November, 1853, and he died in 1892. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened in 1861, and there he preached to crowds with unabated vigour for thirty years, the series of services being only interrupted by the burning of the original building in 1889 and its reconstruction two years later. "During all that time he was able at every time to command a crowd as great as Chrysostom in Constantinople or Savonarola in Florence, though each of them commanded it for a much shorter time."

Mr. Fullerton tells several remarkable tales. One is in connection with Spurgeon's sermon during the Indian Mutiny; he preached it in the Crystal Palace to over 23,000 people. Before the meeting, he went to try the acoustics of the building. "Having to say something, he said something worth saying: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' A workman busy in one of the galleries heard the words, that seemed to come to him from Heaven, and, smitten with conviction of sin, he put down his tools and went home, nor did he rest until he was able to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour."

Spurgeon was not a "bookman," but his biography yields a very curious fact about books. Nowadays, if anyone mentions Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," it is with a smile of contempt. The prosaic platitudes of the book fill a modern with amazement that the Victorians actually read it with gusto, and took it for poetry. But Spurgeon courted his wife by the aid of Tupper's book. He marked some lines upon a good wife, and handed the book to his future wife, as she sat beside him on the platform when the Crystal Palace was opened. Such was the start of their wooing. For once Mr. Fullerton's sense of humour deserts him; he actually writes that "on August 2nd, 1854, in her grandfather's garden, they gave themselves to each other, she with her adoring heart and sweet face framed in the curls that fell on each side of it, he with his clear eye, swift brain, high collar, white tie and protruding tooth." This is not how to describe such a rapturous moment.

The book, however, is briskly compiled and well arranged. It does give a vivid impression of Spurgeon's personality. Martineau once said that you could no more think of "Heber's mind without piety than you can of colour without extension." It is impossible to think of Spurgeon apart from preaching, and yet he was a preacher because he was a personality. Mr. Fullerton's service is that he lets us see something of the personality.

JAMES MOFFATT.

LUCINDA.*

Sir Anthony Hope has secured an unassailable reputation among modern men of letters. One hears, it must be confessed, more of writers who have entered the arena since he began to write, and especially of authors who have lately caught the public ear. Yet Sir Anthony Hope stands where he did—and it must be confessed that the spot on

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'If this book is typical of his performance, he is a writer of very remarkable gifts. Every portrait is a finished masterpiece.'—*Times*

62, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2

which he stands is one that is envied by all novelists of the day who are blessed—or cursed—with the gift of self-criticism. The only argument in literary and popular circles about Sir Anthony Hope is around the style of novel in which he excels. Is the author of "The Dolly Dialogues" better than the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its fellows? Is he who wrote "Quisanté" a greater than he who invented "The Great Miss Driver"? Or is he who gave us "The King's Mirror" a finer fellow than he who presented us with "Second String"?

In the case of Sir Anthony's latest book, "Lucinda," it is true that he does not ventilate the new-old theories of the "modern" novelist. He does not preach from a text: he is content to give a slice from life. Lucinda, who reminds one of the Great Miss Driver, is certainly alive, she is certainly real. Perhaps she is not quite so admirable a character as she appears at a first reading, but she is certainly an alluring creature. She behaves abominably to her devoted lover, she is not even really true to herself, she is—not to put too fine a point on it—a minx; but, in spite of her defects, she is a delightful creature—even though the reader feels she ought not to be. Her lover is a despicable creature, and this appears above and through the art of his creator. But it is a sad blow when the heroine declines at the end upon the worthy but dull Julius; if Julius is not so dull as he seems, our apologies are due to Sir Anthony Hope who, wittingly or unwittingly, has maligned him. "Lucinda" is an interesting novel, but it certainly does not rank with the best of its author. It lacks something of the sparkle, of the *joie de vivre* of the earlier books. But no author is always at his best, and an author is to be judged by his best work—and Sir Anthony Hope has to his credit a long series of books which ensures him a place of high distinction in any history of the English novel.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.*

This slim volume is the herald of a great and bold undertaking—nothing less, in fact, than an entirely new revision of the Shakespeare canon, in the light of modern researches into Elizabethan palæography and bibliography. With this comparatively new study the names of three English scholars are specially associated—A. W. Pollard, W. Greg and J. Dover Wilson; and we must add, as valuable auxiliaries, Percy Simpson, with his study of Shakespeare's punctuation, and E. Maunde Thompson, with his study of what he and some other competent persons believe to be Shakespeare's handwriting. The present volume is fathered by the University of Cambridge with special fitness, for Cambridge is not only the home of poets (Oxford being remarkable for turning them out in another sense), but the Alma Mater of those two scholars, W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright, whose "Cambridge" edition is the greatest modern contribution to the enjoyment of Shakespeare. The plain man little knows how much he owes to the almost sæcular labours of these scholars.

The new editor-in-chief is Mr. Dover Wilson, and he contributes to the present volume a textual introduction, a note on punctuation, and a bibliographical note. There is also a note by Mr. Harold Child on the stage history of the play, and there are two introductions, one general and one particular, by Sir A. Quiller-Couch. These mingle scholarship and charm in the blend that is "Q's" own secret. There are further explanatory notes and a glossary, to which all concerned have probably contributed. As an aid to the understanding of palæographical points there is a reduced facsimile of some lines in the supposed handwriting of the poet, together with a modern type transcription. Finally, there is the text of the play, printed in Shakespearean fashion, i.e., with "dramatic" rather than grammatical punctuation, and without the breaks for the supposed "acts" and "scenes" made by various editors. The spelling is modern, and there are elaborate new stage directions, clearly distinguished, however, from the directions of the original text. Some of the textual conundrums have not been solved. "Most busie lest, when I doe it" is here left alone; and we are bound to say that the conjectural emendation in the notes is too far-fetched to win acceptance. The same may be said for "having minted truth" for the difficult "having into truth." "Scamels" is explained, no doubt correctly, as "seamells," or seamews. For the present we must suspend judgment on the text as a whole: we wish first to see more of it.

In no spirit but that of entire friendliness to the new venture we note a few points for dissent. We are sorry that the issue did not begin with the earlier plays instead of the latest. No chronological order is certain; but we know pretty well which plays are early and which late. The folio order, here adopted, has nothing whatever to commend it, and we think the adoption an act of timidity very surprising in such editors. Then the scale of the volume seems very restricted. The "Sir Thomas More" facsimile is too small to be useful—an alphabet in "English hand" with the letters decently large would have been much more helpful. The annotation seems rather curt and tantalising. No one wants excessive commentary; but something a little more leisured and lettered would, we are sure, have pleased the greater number of readers. However, these points are small; the great fact is that here is a genuine recension of our greatest literary possession, and every lettered person must possess it.

* "The Tempest." Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF JOHN PAYNE.*

John Payne, who died just five years ago, in February, 1916, was singularly fortunate in the friendship he formed with Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney. Mr. Wright became his Boswell. Not only did he note down Payne's conversation and observations for use in the biography he published a year ago, but he founded previously, in 1905, the John Payne Society—a most unusual thing to occur during the lifetime of a person honoured in this way.

Payne's greatest achievement was as the translator of Arabic and Persian literature, and of Villon. But he was also an original poet possessed of genius and a style entirely his own—characterised by the use of rare metres, and archaic words known only to the vocabulary of a savant.

Payne published many volumes of verse during his lifetime, but in no case did they meet with adequate recognition, primarily owing to the fact that they were issued privately on several occasions; and, of course, no new poet ever does achieve immediate success unless he writes in a popular sentimental fashion.

The present and posthumous volume of poetry, "The Way of the Winepress," was ready for binding at the time of Payne's death. It now appears under the ægis of the John Payne Society—which means the poet's indefatigable and enthusiastic friend, Thomas Wright.

These last poems fully maintain the charm and peculiarities of Payne's poetical work. Sadness and some measure of resentment with his portion in life's lottery are perhaps the predominant notes of his songs:

"Yet but a while and I shall see no more
The sun nor feel the fountains of the dawn
Life with full hands pour upon hill and lawn,
No more be witness to the mimic war
'Twixt light and dark, when Day or Night is o'er,
Or see the sun and shade at daggers drawn;
I shall not hear the birds; I shall be gone
Unto the silence and the shadow-shore.
Sick soul, content thee; thou art going home.
To the tired traveller, in the evenglome,
The long way wended, welcome is the inn,
Though narrow be the house and cold the bed,
At least thou shalt sleep well among thy kin,
The innumerous generations of the dead.

* * * * *

* "The Way of the Winepress." By John Payne. (The John Payne Society, Olney, Bucks.)

". . . My songs and I,
We have too long gone begging by the way.
But this I know; the world will hark some day
And shout, applausive, to the hearkening sky.
Some day! But then I shall be dead and cold
And nought thereof shall know, where, buried deep,
I lie and sleep the unremembering sleep;
No sound will reach me through the unresonant mould.
But you will wish me live and warm again,
That you may plague me with your plaudits vain."

Little is known of Payne's amatory experiences beyond the romantic affection he entertained for the beautiful Mrs. Snee in the earlier part of his life. She died in 1879, at the age of thirty-four, and this abiding loss inspired some of his finest poems in later life. Whether or no more vivid affections were his, he could write with real passion, as the poem, "Love and Love," in this volume testifies:

"We were lovers, indeed, in our day; we loved because we must,
Because of the heat in our hearts, that soared to the skies like a spire
And lifted our lives from the swamp, our souls from the mist and the mire.
For love and the world well lost we lived. You may style it lust;
But the lusts of the soul and the sense combine in a birth august,
To gender a joy divine, a flame like a flower of fire,
That dries up the dross of the flesh with the blaze of its bright desire. . . .
Whilst youth in our hearts was hot, we poured out our lives like wine
At the altars of Love and Spring; and now that the fiery flood
No longer beats in our brain, no longer boils in our blood,
The love that we lit with sense, burns bright at the spirit's shrine."

S. M. ELLIS.

SHELLEY AND CALDERÓN.*

The other essays are also on English and Spanish poetry and poets. It must be said that they are notable critical studies, regarded *per se*, or apart from the fact that their author is using what is to him a foreign language as his vehicle of expression. It is a long time since I have read a volume of belles-lettres with so much satisfaction, whether—as in most cases—one is in more or less full agreement or does not accept the judgments, at least unconditionally, as in the matter of the essays on Wordsworth. Taking the first paper in the first place, it cannot be denied that, as to most of us here in England, our knowledge of Calderón is practically nothing at first hand and very slight on the whole otherwise, though available sources at their value are not especially few or far between. The fervid admiration of Shelley and his fragments of translation communicate in reality nothing, unless it is a desire for knowledge, which has directed many to Archbishop Trench, but comparatively few to Denis Florence MacCarthy and his version of several plays in the original metres. MacCarthy is unfortunately not mentioned in the criticism under notice, nor are certain other renderings—e.g., those of Edward Fitzgerald—which could be cited among experiments of past and present days. But it contributes greatly to our instruction on manifold points of fact, as well as to our delight in the pleasant and suggestive contrast between Shelley and Calderón. After all it is not exactly a contrast but a consideration of two great poets, placed side by side for the purpose of explaining how it is that the author of "The Cenci" conceived and cherished such enthusiasm for the author of "El Purgatorio de San Patricio" and "El Magico Prodigioso"—otherwise the English nihilist in religion—if that is a correct description—for the strictly orthodox and dogmatic Spanish priest. The explanation is reached, of course, by discovering certain roots of sympathy and likeness of disposition, which are drawn out with care and skill. These being granted, one feels notwithstanding that "Prometheus Unbound" and "Hellas" are separated by gulfs from the "religious mysteries," the theological and philosophical

* "Shelley and Calderón, and Other Essays." By Salvador de Madariaga. 15s. net. (Constable.)

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In "Sidelights on Spanish Literature" there is an interesting set of comparisons between Beowulf and the anonymous "Song of the Cid," between Chaucer and Juan Ruiz, Shakespeare and Lope de Vega, Sir Philip Sidney and Garcilaso de la Vega, Milton and Calderón. They are sound enough in their way and within the limits of their respective measures; in the case of Chaucer and Juan Ruiz they deserve to be called convincing; but the comparisons after all need be counted only as pegs on which are suspended the author's appreciations of the several Spanish poets. These are the vital points of a choice study, and the rest we can take or leave. The most naturally attractive of all these papers is that on "Spanish Popular Poetry," partly because it is written in the free spirit of the subject, partly because it abounds with excellent specimens, accompanied by lilting, nervous renderings which do great honour to Mr. de Madariaga's ability as an English writer. In fine, there is a group of essays on the "Case of Wordsworth," "Wordsworth and Beauty," "Wordsworth and Truth," "Wordsworth and Virtue." The design is to explain why Wordsworth is not recognised abroad at his full and proper value; why there is a race of Wordsworthians; and why they read everything that Wordsworth wrote. It will be remembered that these points were raised by Matthew Arnold, who was one of the race in question. The explanations contain sound criticism, and there are other things arising out of them which are at once fresh and remarkable. The whole group will repay careful study; and yet it seems to me that the real Wordsworth escapes in the analysis—perhaps because he is like the bird of his own poem, "a wandering voice," not heard where we look for him, but sounding suddenly unawares. However this may be, he who is the essential and true Wordsworth, he unto whom "the primrose by a river's brim" communicates something which is invisible and non-existent for Peter Bell, is not present in these papers. There is the Wordsworth of Kendal and Grasmere, the Wordsworth of the "Intimations," and a very rare Wordsworth who is of the Eternal Kingdom: his is the presence which we miss. It remains to add that Mr. de Madariaga's essays are entitled to rank with the foremost literary criticisms of the present day.

A. E. WAITE.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL.*

Very few of the many books which deal with spiritualism and psychical research have any title to be considered as literature in the high sense. But Lady Glenconner's little book has a certain affinity with it. Author and poet, she has grace and charm of style, and the spirit messages of which she treats were conveyed in many cases by reference to passages in the works of classical writers and display a fine quality of literary allusiveness. Book tests, as Sir Oliver Lodge explains in a preface to the work, represent an ingenious form of conveying a spirit message in such a way that theories of telepathy, mind reading, and the "subconsciousness" of the medium shall be ruled out as explanatory of the communications. In the present instance through the medium Mrs. Osborne Leonard were given, as emanating from Lord and Lady Glenconner's departed soldier son, the Hon. Edward Wyndham Tennant, directions to look at certain pages in certain books the exact whereabouts of which (although unknown to the medium) were particularly described, e.g., "Take out the fifth book from left to right and look at page 16 and find a message for his mother." Nearly thirty such "tests" are recorded in the book, and there can be no disguising the fact that some of them are so singularly apposite that they would be remarkable as apt quotations in the circumstances, quite apart from their association with spirit messages.

* "The Earthen Vessel." By Pamela Glenconner. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

This is especially the case with the passage in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," in which there is a really striking parallel with the Glenconner family life. Some of the cases given convey subtle indications of the personality of the communicator—touches of humour and delicate allusions to topics in which he was interested in his life on earth.

These as "evidential material" are rather matters for the artist than for the scientist—dramatisations of personality and therefore full of interest to the analyst of human nature.

A portion of the book is devoted to the book tests received by the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas who, in experimenting with the same medium (Mrs. Leonard), received messages for Lady Glenconner to whom he was personally unknown. He was directed to refer her to certain pages in books unnamed but whose position on shelves in one or other of her residences was particularly specified. These also turned out to be curiously appropriate.

Lady Glenconner devotes some chapters to a general commentary on the "tests" as reinforcing the general body of psychic evidences, and in the course of her remarks observes:

> "I marvel that the Church should look on the activities of spiritualism as antagonistic to her teaching. In its central attack upon materialistic thought it should be recognised as a valuable ally."

That is a question of course which hardly falls within the purview of the ordinary reviewer in a journal not closely concerned with the polemics of the question. It is sufficient to say here that the volume has a literary quality which raises it above the level of the ruck of such books, some of which belong to Charles Lamb's *biblia a biblia*, being mere rubbish; and the "tests" are distinctly interesting—some indeed arresting in their evidential quality.

DAVID GOW.

THE CYCLOPS ON PARNASSUS.*

"Everything comes to him who doesn't wait" is an epigram the late Sir Herbert Tree recorded in his notebook. Like many aphorisms, after they are considered, we find this one is but a half-truth. Applied to the very latest mode in modern verse, it will be considered totally inadequate, and especially so if we relate it to the present examples. Success might have attended these three poets had they paused to consider how ridiculously swift and unsure their mechanical facility in verse-making carries them away from the essentials of true poetry. The headlong gallop of their verse, uppermost in these strained efforts, represents in a typical fashion a sign of the times.

Now it is not hurry and bustle all the time in the present books, but in nearly all the pieces the hammering-out of verse, ready-made and, like so many "ready-mades," badly-fitting, brings in its wake the wistful reflection that the Cyclops have definitely taken up their position on Mount Parnassus. In their forge the hammer and the anvil have gone to the making of a very metallic substance. But the tools employed have not been used with ringing effect. The grass of the sacred mount is strewn with strips and rims and rings from the process of working the material into some kind of recognisable shape.

Our little list is headed by Mr. Danford Barney. He is the mathematician *in excelsis*. Why had we never realised before the close connection between the exact science and the poetic art? Why had it never occurred to us that we lived among "minims of humankind"? And yet from minor dominants and diametrics Mr. Barney finds his—inspiration?—well, at any rate, his suggestions for poetic treatment. I have always reserved a delightful spite against Algebra as a cool, unemotional subject, but Mr. Barney has at last put me right and shown me how

* "Chords from Albireo." By Danford Barney. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Desiderium, MCMXV–MCMXVIII." By Norman Davey. 6s. net. (Cambridge: Heffer.)—"Flashlights From Afar." By R. Gordon-Canning. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

emotional an equation can become in the hands of a poetic mathematician, or is it a mathematical poet?—*c'est égal*. It will be interesting to find out how this mathematical phase progresses, and if triangles and Euclid propositions will move Mr. Barney's fellow workers in the same field (assuming there be more than one of his species) to the same mathematical exactness as diametrics and minor dominants have moved him. In fine, many of these performances may pass for poetic exercises in higher mathematics, but surely no one could be humoured into labelling them pure poetry.

To continue on the lines at which our title hints, Mr. Norman Davey's work is like a piece of tin battered (for we cannot admit that even such a forceful expedient as beating could have produced these feeble results) by a gong-stick. We marvel that it has never entered Mr. Davey's head to reflect how superbly the best of his themes, such as the scenes laid in Italy, have been set to poetic music by master poets, and therefore we cannot be blamed if these offerings of his, however well-intentioned, fail to arouse our interest, far less a lukewarm attention. For the sort of thing he attempts in his ambitious "Record of an Itinerary" in Italy we much prefer to turn to Byron's "Childe Harold" and Browning's numerous themes in the same vein. There is no doubt that this poem, with its too facile narrative quality and its satiric comments, is simply an unimpressive rendering of the Byronic-Browningesque pattern which, like all imitations of a master design, can never convey "the first fine careless rapture" of the original. Again, when we want nursery rhymes we would rather consult our Mother Goose book than read such indifferent child's stuff as Mr. Davey's "An Invitation," "A Quarrel," and "Binkie and Peter and Me," served up on an ultra-modern platter. It is pathetic that Mr. Davey has not put his fondness for rhyme to better use, and it is perhaps more pathetic that his readers should be the victims of efforts which might have been relegated, without misgiving, to the waste-paper basket.

By the time I had finished Mr. Gordon-Canning's book I wondered gravely if I had become mad. Perhaps my powers of appreciation had suddenly slept. Yet, somehow, I felt like Douglas Jerrold when, reading "Sordello" during his convalescence from a serious illness, he cried, "O God, I *am* an idiot!" but you may remember that when he heard his wife and sister likewise could not understand the poem he exclaimed, "Thank God, I am *not* an idiot!" And, on second thoughts, I think that conclusion fits into my own case. Recently a poem by Mr. Herbert Read in *Coterie* caused a flutter in the dovecots of the critics. The poem contained the following:

"His limbs
Dangle
Like marionettes
Over
a
mauve
Sea."

One would imagine it hard to match that expression, but I think I have found one equally soul-stirring in Mr. Gordon-Canning's "A Summary." Here it is:

"Before the War: Work and Sport.
During the War: Mud, Blood, Fear, Profiteering.
After the War: Seventeen minor Wars, Financial Ruin, Bolshevism, Forgetfulness."

To illustrate the common characteristic of these three poets, or Cyclops, as I have named them, I cannot do better than quote Blake's line:

"The sound is forced, the notes are few."

In their eagerness for freedom and noise, they seem to have forgotten the goal of all poetry—beauty. No doubt some readers will feel sympathetic to noise, and mathematics, and complexity as rendered in these books, but for myself, and for others alike constituted, if desire for orchestral sound in poetry is to be satisfied I would rather hear the "easy numbers flow" than hearken to "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

W. M. PARKER.

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FOUR AT A VENTURE.*

The coming revolution will, if our novelists take it up seriously, either be quite hackneyed when it arrives, or else a nice rebuff to false prophets—almost certainly the latter. Or, like most events in life, it will cover so many years that none will say when it happened or whether it is really accomplished. Already Mr. Shanks, in "The People of the Ruins," has treated in one vein a subject of considerable imaginative scope. Mr. Beresford is less visionary and more practical. He writes in "Revolution" of the actual event. Paul Leaming, a young officer invalided from the army with shell-shock, is living at home in a condition of mental inertia, when Isaac Perry, the genius of Labour, defies the Government and plans the revolution of our present economic system. The character of Paul—or rather the deft skill by which Mr. Beresford establishes him as an observer freed by his period of isolation and acute sensibility from the normal and natural prejudices of his class—is beyond praise. In any other circumstances one could never have submerged a certain sense of incredulity, or even repulsion. There is a moment, for example, when Paul sees his father, a very conservative, hot-headed man, shot at his feet without any emotion more active than a pity for the murderer. In the attitude of Paul, one presumes that Mr. Beresford underlines the only road to peace. It is sacrifice that can alone avail. At the same time, there are occasions when the isolation of Paul in a remote village lends to the scene an absence of either tumult or tragedy that is rather like the piping of a small boy in the Albert Hall. The horizon for any revolution must be of necessity vast and gloomy, against which contending forces move and disappear. Not, it should be added, that empty noise is a finer thing than solitary human emotion, but where the whole world teems outside the village of Fynemore, some echo, some vibration of doom or resurrection should cross the intervening country-side.

It would be an impertinence for a reviewer to suggest that Mrs. Wilfred Ward, in "Not Known Here," has allowed her sense of religious observances to dictate to her artistic conception, for the obvious reason that such things may be inseparable in any writer of sincerity. Mrs. Ward (and many there are who will agree with her) lays a quite supreme importance upon the sanctity of the marriage tie in so far as an illegitimate son may only atone for his parents' natural fault by a death at once ignominious and heroic. It must be explained that Hugh Dearmer was in love with Pamela von Lieben, whose elderly German husband died just before Karl (Pamela's son by Hugh) was born. The boy grows up by 1914, fights under the English flag, is captured and shot as a German renegade because he will not betray his mother. This description is not merely brief, but ridiculous. It cannot fail to give an impression that here is another story about "the war." No idea could be more unjust. There are few writers to-day who can handle with such fine distinction and sincerity those simple human emotions of domestic life which in other hands might ring sentimental or false.

It is too readily assumed that a humorous book is one of the simpler manifestations of fiction, dependent upon an extravagant notion and a spare ten days. The public are often at a loss to explain just why a book tickles them, but they are quite honest when they are bored. For that reason, if no other, comedy is a risky business and not to be undertaken lightly, for the humorist goes down with twice the bump of his colleagues. Take Mr. Eden Phillpotts. No author is more respected in his own field. But in "The Bronze Venus" he knocks off with a friskiness that is admittedly amazing a farcical comedy very tedious indeed. Why should Mr. Phillpotts, who is so fine an artist, attempt what Mr. Wodehouse, who is so competent a mechanic, can pull off so very much better?

The historical novel has been under a cloud so long that one wonders why some writer blessed with youth and determination and a splendid contempt for his predecessors, does not take it for granted that our ancestors, in spite of their garments and their very occasional obligation to unsheath a rapier, were persons very similar to ourselves. But in "Lantern Lane" Mr. Warwick Deeping, in a quite distinguished but traditional manner, treads the familiar stage. The scene is laid in the cheery days of Charles II, when our Birthday Honours would have struck a hollow and unambitious note, a time of much gossip and political back-stairs—a period, in short, most promising. But Mr. Deeping's characters do not whisper scandal, but shout the kind of mock-heroic remarks that always convey that curious sense of the footlights and a "ping" for the curtain. It is a pity. Surely our generation of all others has cause to distinguish the trappings of intrigue and conflict from the real flavour and potency of human life.

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "Revolution." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Not Known Here." By Mrs. Wilfred Ward. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Bronze Venus." By Eden Phillpotts. 8s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—"Lantern Lane." By Warwick Deeping. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

THE NAPOLEON CULT.*

Since the Armistice of 1918 there has been a falling-off of literary offerings on the altar of Napoleon, possibly due in an appreciable measure to pressing matters of more immediate moment, but the incense is again rising. A dictionary entirely dedicated to their special study is now available for devotees and scholars: terms not necessarily synonymous.

In less than five hundred pages its compiler has contrived to compress an immense amount of valuable information. For those who take no more than a sentimental interest in the Corsican there are articles on such varied subjects as their hero's stoutness, smoking, snuff, shaving, attempt at suicide, and swords, to mention only those under the letter S. In the same section the weightier matters of St. Helena, the battle of Salamanca, the Peace of Schönbrunn, Sieyès, society under Napoleon, and his strategy, receive attention among many substantial notices.

To do complete justice to the theme would require several volumes. There are no separate references, for instance, to Bruix, Forfait, Pasquier, Chaptal, Ségur, Roederer, Beugnot and Beausset, but the cutting-down process should not have gone so far as to preclude mention under "Russia" or "Russian Campaign (1812)" of the Continental System as a contributing factor in the Great Disaster.

One of the obvious disadvantages of history in compartments is evident in the article on the Peninsular War. No reference is made to the battle of Tudela, though it is given a separate entry under its distinctive name. Rather less than justice is done to the naval phase of the Napoleonic wars, and the briefest remark suffices for the activities of privateers. While Mr. Richardson, despite a somewhat meagre bibliography, gives scholarly estimates of many memoir-writers, he fails to note that the "Mémoires" of Constant—whose Christian name was not Benjamin—were in all probability not written by the valet but compiled from his notes by another hand. To Napoleon's railing against the climate of St. Helena the compiler adds the gratuitous comment, "as well he might." Reference to Seaton's "Napoleon's Captivity in Relation to Sir Hudson Lowe" (pp. 81–83), would assuredly have convinced him otherwise. Considering the vast amount of information given, and the fact that the work was not penned by a syndicate of writers on the redundant lines of the "Cambridge Modern History," errors of fact are singularly few.

It is peculiar that no space is devoted to John Sainsbury, whose Napoleon Museum in Red Lion Square, and subsequently in Piccadilly, did much to arouse interest during the forties of last century in the man previously vilified by such a large proportion of the population. Even Lord Holland's defence of Bonaparte is dismissed in half a dozen lines in the article entitled "English Opinion

* "A Dictionary of Napoleon and His Times (in the light of Modern Research)." By Hubert N. B. Richardson, B.A. 30s. net. (Cassell.)

(Contemporary) regarding Napoleon," and of biographical details there is none. The particulars furnished about Dr. Archibald Arnott, who attended the dying captive at St. Helena, are also inadequate.

To help lame students over stiles is, or should be, the main purpose of all reference books. They ought to be time-savers and guides in much the same way as a railway time-table precludes an intelligent traveller from arriving too soon or too late to catch a train, from missing a connection, and choosing the longest route. Perhaps the principal error of omission from this point of view is the absence of references such as are given at the end of so many entries in the "Dictionary of English History," issued by the same publishers. To take a case in point: after perusing the article on the Death-mask, which obviously cannot adequately sum up all the debatable points in the Burton-Antommarchi controversy, many readers will be anxious to amplify the details given. Additional service would have been rendered had mention been made of such as book as G. L. De St. M. Watson's "Story of Napoleon's Death-mask."

HAROLD F. B. WHEELER.

BEDFORDSHIRE EARTHWORKS.*

This sumptuous and costly addition to the meagre records of British earthworks unfortunately leaves a good deal to be desired from the standpoint of the student of the subject. In the first place it is not a complete record of the known earthworks in the shire, but only professes to deal with the principal ones more comprehensively than in works previously published. Nevertheless several apparently unimportant works are included, while there is no indication of the principle upon which the selection has been made, nor of the number and nature of the earthworks omitted. The absence of a map, moreover, is a serious drawback, and in a work of this kind such an omission is hard to understand. A map showing the position of the various earthworks would have been more valuable than many of the drawings which the author gives.

The earthworks dealt with are grouped as follows under the historical periods to which the author assigns them:—Section I: Prehistoric and Ancient Earthworks. Section II: The Saxon-Danish Period. Section III: Norman Castles. Sub-section: Manors showing Norman Influence. Section IV: Manors and Domestic Homesteads. Section V: Miscellaneous.

Each division, except the last, is preceded by a page or two of introduction, dealing in a very general way with such subjects as the history of the period, Norman influence in England before the Conquest, the rise of the manor, etc. There are also two or three pages explaining the technical terms used in describing the Norman castles.

The author admits that his classification is largely problematical, but he excuses this "as an endeavour to render a story easily understood by the public," and the same reason accounts for his giving with the description of each earthwork a drawing as well as a plan and for the introductory articles before the various sections. There is an increasing tendency for archæological works to be written with an eye on the general public, rather than for the scholar, but this always involves the danger of the writer falling between two stools. In the present case the endeavour to group earthworks according to their supposed historical periods is radically unsound, as the author practically admits, and it is a method which has greatly hindered the proper study and understanding of the subject. Field workers know only too well the man who, when shown an earthwork, demands to know the date of it, and it cannot too often be insisted on that, in the absence of documentary evidence, it is unsafe to try and date any earthwork without the test of the spade.

* "The Earthworks of Bedfordshire." With 98 Illustrations. By Beauchamp Wadmore. £3 3s. (The *Bedfordshire Standard* Newspaper Company.)

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The introductory articles, again, contain little that throws light on the earthworks of the periods they deal with, and it is difficult to see what purpose they are meant to serve. The appeal of the drawings is mainly to local interest, though many of them give a very good general idea of the character of the earthwork represented. Altogether, it seems doubtful whether these concessions to the supposed taste of the general public will induce anyone not already interested in the subject to obtain the book, while they are likely to repel those whose interest is on the scientific side.

This, however, would be a pity, for its plans and descriptions give the book a distinct value as a useful, if incomplete, record of the earthworks of the county. Such records are the more to be prized, as throughout the country earthworks are constantly perishing, whether from the effects of time and weather, or from the ravages of man.

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

W. J. LOCKE'S MOUNTEBANK.*

The war effected sea-changes in so many lives, altered values for the time being so astonishingly and discovered talent which might otherwise have remained hidden in such unlikely places, that it is not surprising a novelist with Mr. W. J. Locke's love for what is paradoxical in character or circumstance should seize upon the topsy-turvydom of its era and turn it to romantic account. Among its miracles, soon taken for granted in the stress of events, was the emergence from humdrum callings of men with the gift of command, with a forcefulness and an adaptability that enabled them to absorb the traditions of our regular Army officers and to supply leaders to match the steady expansion of our forces in the field. They came from our public schools and universities and Inns of Court, but they came also from banks and city offices, from the studio and the stage, from the newspaper world and the civil service, from the store and from the counter. Already much has been made in the theatre and in fiction of the game of "general post" produced in social life by the temporary rank which might exalt the employé above his employer and compel the wealthy and well-born to take their orders from a commanding officer whose home might be some little villa in a suburb. But it is none of the ordinary contrasts between the war hero and his civilian past, between his service distinctions and his private status, on which Mr. Locke fastens in his story of "The Mountebank"; he plumps boldly for the most extravagant of possibilities and conceives of a brigadier-general sprung from the sawdust and grease-paint of a French circus. Imagine the dismay of Lady Auriol Dayne, an unconventional but fastidious woman of the world, when after parting on terms approaching those of tenderness from the gaunt and masterful General Lackaday, she discovers him next, the other side of the Channel, in the motley of Petit Patou, a clown and conjuror, his height and leanness exaggerated in tights, his face painted red and white and "made up into an idiot grin," his scarlet wig ending in a foot-high point. There is the quintessence, grotesque enough, of Mr. Locke's newest romance. From that figure of farce Andrew Lackaday is transformed by the war into a grave and gallant British general, and into that masquerade he falls back when, his services no longer required save in quite subordinate rank, his qualities of leadership obtaining no scope in business affairs, he puts off his uniform to seek a livelihood.

The hero of "The Mountebank" would not be a Locke hero if he had not saddled himself with some burden of quixotry which makes his reassumption of the clown's garb more or less imperative. Save for this burden he might have waited for the offer of work held out by an Australian friend to materialise. But there was Madame Patou. Chance (or the novelist's caprice) willed it that Petit Patou should stumble in pre-war days against a Frenchwoman of the lower class—need it be said that Mr. Locke knows Frenchwomen of this type almost as well as he knows the highways and by-ways of France and its bohemian life? Having once been befriended by her, Patou deemed it his duty to help her when he found her in hard straits. She became his acting partner and soon they began to keep house together, though there could be no marriage, because she was cursed with a runaway scapegrace of a husband. It was the thought of Elodie which kept Andrew Lackaday from declaring his feelings to Lady Auriol; it was her necessities which forced him back into clowning. His chance of happiness might have seemed hopeless had he not had for friend Horatio Bakkus, one of Mr. Locke's most amusing and successful creations. An artist with a fine voice, a cynic with a flow of epigrams, and lover of fine food, a sponging rascal whom it is impossible to dislike, Bakkus suddenly, on attaining a competence, runs off with the superfluous Elodie, pretending or really believing that he is behaving quixotically to Lackaday in an apparent act of treachery. The way is clear now for a fairy-tale ending, and of course it is a fairy tale Mr. Locke has written—written with that charm of style, that happy turn of wit, that urbanity of mood, that easy mastery of narrative, which held us captive, quite a long time ago now, in the history of "The Beloved Vagabond."

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Mountebank." By W. J. Locke. 7s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

GORGEOUS POETRY.*

The great literary skill with which the author of this anonymous volume has captured and reproduced many of the outward characteristics of several ultra-modern poets gives legitimate pleasure. No harm is done to the artists in pointing out the absurd side of ultra-modern art nor to those who believe that in every new movement there is something which is necessary to make art a living force. "In Death's Army," "Love" and "The Journeyman and the Maid," we note an apparently serious touch (which can usually be detected in true comedy), which suggests that our author may become a true poet. The following verses, while they are genuine parody, give a hint of true art:

"'Tell me, pretty journeyman,
What hast there?'
'Oranges and roses
For a Spanish girl's hair.'

"'Tell me, naughty journeyman,
Tell me true,
What is a little maid,
A pretty maid, to do?'

"'Ah,' said the journeyman,
'You have me there, . . .
Oranges and roses
For a Spanish girl's hair.'

"'That's life,' said the journeyman,
'Life stripped bare;
And the more you can,
The less you dare.'"

When we put down this volume, we know that we have missed something; there is scarcely any humour, no playful banter which is to be found in the best parodies. On reading the preface, we find our feeling explained and justified. This preface is arrogant and intolerant, for the author finds the work of the poets he has set out to parody altogether unpleasing. He says that he has written quickly and gaily. We find no gaiety. He asserts that his book is not an attack on the upstart poets who try to crowd into the cool hall of Olympus, but that he hates their work, not because they write of ugly things, but because they write so badly.

Without appreciation and understanding there can be no true criticism; a genuine parodist must have both appreciation and understanding; hate can never understand, and without understanding there can be no appreciation.

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

* "Gorgeous Poetry, 1911–1920." First Series. 2s. net. (Philip Allan.)

XUM

Novel Notes.

MAINWARING. By Maurice Hewlett. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

Mainwaring is an Irishman, clever, well educated, unscrupulous, who marries a servant girl and is carried into prominence as a politician on the back of the working man. A demagogue *par excellence*, fully conscious of his power, and never for a moment losing sight of his goal—the Premiership of England—Mainwaring manufactures strikes and indulges in love-affairs with society ladies with the ease of the born "pusher," and is prepared to sacrifice anybody and anything on the altar of his fetish of self-aggrandisement. A striking contrast to him is his wife Lizzie, a simple, beautiful soul whose only ambition it is to do her duty and live an honourable life. A happy union of types so fundamentally different is obviously impossible, so Lizzie solves her own problem by donning print dress and cap and serving as parlourmaid in her own house. As a bare statement this sounds outrageous, but Mr. Hewlett presents these two main characters of his novel with such perfect skill and balance that we never feel in the presence of the improbable—we surrender unconditionally to all Lizzie's arrangements. The key-note of the book is that true happiness can only be found in the fulfilment of Moral Law, and Lizzie as a pattern for womankind is a sound and beautiful standard.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This is the end of a great and excellent venture. In less than nine years Mrs. Garnett and the Heinemann firm have produced twelve large volumes of a powerful and formative writer till now imperfectly known here. The war has banished the gold from the binding, deteriorated the paper and added four shillings to the price of each volume, but it has not prevented or postponed the issue, and the usual formal tribute to author and publisher must on this occasion be paid with unusual sincerity. Few translators have laboured more devotedly than Mrs. Garnett; few publishers have served the cause of modern European literature more handsomely than Messrs. Heinemann. The present volume shows us the secondary, domestic Dostoevsky rather than the cataclysmic, tragic Dostoevsky. "Stepanchikovo and Its Inhabitants," as the book is called in Russian, is a study in imposture. The principal character is a consummate knave and humbug who insinuates himself into a family first as a buffoon, but presently develops into the tyrant and master of them all. Foma Fomich is a great creation worthy of the artists who made Pecksniff and Tartuffe. But he is not a transcript from Dickens or Molière; he is as entirely original as the incredible tragi-farcical circumstances are entirely Russian. For the spectator of modern events there is something thought-compelling in the contrast here shown between the grave, simple (and sometimes sinful) peasantry, and the screaming, squabbling crowd of masters and mistresses, who are either malevolent maniacs or benevolent idiots. But such reflections are the readers' own, for there is, of course, no political purpose in this prose comedy, which is carried through with unflagging spirit.

PASSOVER. By Beatrice Baskerville. 7s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

If Miss Baskerville has certain qualities in common with the great Russian realistic novelists, it is because in her stories of Polish life she moves among similar scenes and among a people who, like those of Russia, are still in many ways curiously primitive. She is as vividly realistic, but her realism is alive with a spirit of romance, a sense of the beauty and sweetness as well as of the unloveliness of human character. The grim, semi-barbaric old mother-in-law of Hermann Finckelstein is subtly and convincingly drawn, and the monstrous vengeance she wreaks upon

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the Christian landowner, whose son outrages her sense of righteousness by marrying into her family, is handled with extraordinary dramatic power. The orthodox, unorthodox, rich and poor of the Jewish community are sketched with a sympathetic understanding, and through a graphic presentation of racial conflict and local conditions runs the tale of Kotek, the son of the wealthy Christian landowner, and the girl Miriam. Her brother is keen that, for her own sake and for his, she should make so advantageous a match; she herself is at first swayed half by love and half by a desperate desire to escape from the Ghetto and the ostracism that her birth imposes on her. But by degrees her love deepens to as real a passion as Kotek's, who sacrifices everything, breaks his engagement to an heiress and alienates himself from his people, to marry her. Then in the new life of freedom he opens to her she seems for a while to grow reckless in her search for pleasure and, not without reason, he comes to distrust and doubt her, and the misunderstanding leads to estrangement and separation. The lives of both drift into the shadow of tragedy, and the lifting of that shadow is brought about so naturally that one is scarcely sensible of the art of it all. The story has atmosphere and charm and a most poignant human interest; it should give Miss Baskerville place among the most popular, as it will among the ablest, of present-day novelists.

WILTON'S SACRIFICE. By Paul Trent. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Trent's characters we have met before, many times in fiction, but if his latest novel contains no surprises, it succeeds in being a very readable tale. A high State official, whose fraud upon the Government has been discovered by an aide-de-camp who attempts blackmail, a strong silent man who suffers for a fault not his own, his young wife who, not in his confidence, misjudges his motive—these are the principal characters of the story. The scene is laid on the West Coast of Africa, where Sir John Lurgan, the high State official, is Governor. Mr. Trent gives a good picture of colonial life, and has reached the big success of the book in the character of Addah, a beautiful half-caste, who is in love with one of the Governor's staff. Addah dies before the question of her future has been solved, but her place in the story breaks in for a moment, with the reality of a pressing inter-racial problem, upon the familiar lines of a romantic tale. For the rest, Mr. Trent has a gift of easy narrative, and the swing with which the story goes will take all but the most exacting reader with it.

A WOMAN OF THE DESERT. By Moore Ritchie. 8s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

In this novel Mr. Moore Ritchie entertains the reader with a vivid picturing of Oriental life in action. He evidently knows the Somalis as it has been given to very few Europeans to know them. The story chiefly concerns the activities of two rival Somali tribes who, under the leadership of Abrahim Mursaal, a virile and capable fanatic, finally unite in rebellion against the Unbelievers, or agents of the British Government. There is a very fine description of a tribal raid, where men galloping wildly "killed and maimed each other neatly with their teeth, making for the windpipe like the swift fighting animals they are." It is fascinating to read about these Somalis—people whose actions develop like a flash and whose ideas are as changeable as mercury; who "can travel in a second from a religious impulse to a tribal massacre, and then to a holy war which ends in a conquest of the earth and bliss with unlimited wives and endless dancing and gambling in the highest point in Paradise—all within a few minutes thought." Throughout this story of primitive passions runs the influence of a woman, Faduma, the mate of Abrahim. "Allah made us, but Woman and the Sun rule us all" is the key-note of the book which winds up with a stirring climax in which a handful of men under Mark Shadd keep at bay and ultimately vanquish a horde of wild dervishes crazy with thirst. In Shadd, a genius of desert warfare, Mr. Ritchie has created a powerful and original character.

SHE WHO WAS HELENA CASS. By Lawrence Rising. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When you read a first novel which persuades you that the mysterious disappearance of its heroine was for three years the talk of two continents and which uses only the slightest of legitimate improbabilities to help out a difficult story, you are unlikely to forget the writer's name. Such an author is Mr. Lawrence Rising in his story of Helena Cass. Helena in the car-race over the shining quicksands near Avranches, Helena on the Spanish hill-side, left for dead by Don Pedro, who had robbed her at the inn, Helena in the convent dress of the Sisters of the Adoration, is a new character in fiction. If there is a jingling of the mechanism in the reasons which keep her out so long on her adventures, that is a matter of small account. The adventures themselves are sufficient justification. Mr. Rising's gift of description is one of the features in his success. In pictures of clear outline and colour, set among the strong lights and shadows of foreign cities near the sun, he makes a background which localises the incidents of his story without taking the place of the incidents themselves. We commend to the reader a thoroughly exciting, well-told tale.

THE STORY OF JENNY. By Elizabeth Southwart. 7s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

It is not every prize novel that justifies the title, but in this case there is no cause for doubt because Miss Southwart has given us here an example of the realistic and reflective novel which will answer most of the strictest tests we can apply. In three parts or stages she tells the life-story and impressions of a village mill-girl in the dales of Yorkshire, and although an outcrop of precocity here and there threatens to disturb the even tenor of development, the steady progression from childhood to youth and from youth to womanhood is convincing and unforced. Jenny is a creature rich in sensibility, with a shrewd mother-wit of her own, to countervail the absence of good looks; and in this way she holds her own against the slow-thinking but immovable philosophy of her father and the shrewish but not unkindly tongue of her mother. It is in handling the young men characters—her brother and his cronies, especially David and Jonathan, the rivals in her affections—that the novel shows its quality and depth. There is a naturalness without naturalism, and ardour without seduction, and in its way the story remains a real work of art to the last.

THE PILGRIM OF A SMILE. By Norman Davey. 8s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Norman Davey's book is a collection of short stories, ingeniously bound together by the fantastic frame of a Sphinx that suddenly comes to life and grants the wishes of four Englishmen who, during a night of revels, find themselves making orations in front of Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. One of these four men desires the love of the most beautiful woman; one craves for the gift of portraying all human sorrow; one cries, "Give me the dibs, and I'll do the rest myself"; while the fourth apologises for his curiosity in wishing to know why the Sphinx smiles. It is this last one, Mr. Matthew Sumner, we follow on his pilgrimage in quest of the reason for a smile. With rare skill, and in a language which in clear-cut detail and poetic similitude approximates to the best passages in Greek classics, Mr. Norman Davey flashes fragments of life on to the screen before us, and as the author's steady hand leads us through the maze of human frailties we flit from the Riviera to Soho, from Lady Flayne's world-famed English gardens to a dingy French café, from the West End residence of an art collector of repute to a small mountain chapel in Capri, where in the confessional God Himself asks humanity's forgiveness for creating it in His image. This book is one of those rare specimens to which the cultured reader will return again and again with quiet pleasure.

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While living close to nature has a place in theory and may be justified in practice, of itself it gives no plot to the novelist. The everyday happenings of the simple life do not become more interesting or momentous from being grouped on paper. Thus, when Phyllis Winfree, aged twenty-five, tells her adopted son of nine years old, and through him all readers of the novel, that she is going to write a story which shall be about " perch-edifice (their home in Oregon) and the trees, and the sky—much about the sky—a near-by neighbour, a Mr. Miser, and other things," we have some misgivings about the result. The title of the tale is a challenge, and we read on determined to solve its mystery. Before we discover in the last chapter that " Something that begins with ' T ' " is Truth, " that is what love is," we have gathered some knowledge of American slang and of Mr. Matthew Macelwayne, an interesting character, who brings the story to an end by marrying Phyllis. There is in the book a good deal of nature writing in the line of succession to Opal Whiteley. The best of it is the finest part of a rather inconclusive tale.

CRASHIE HOWE, A HILL PARISH. By Bertram Smith. With Introduction by Sir William Robertson Nicoll. 6s. net. (Simpkins.)

Bertram Smith was an admirable writer and a brave, unconquered man. Many of those who knew him as an enthusiastic winter sportsman, and especially as the great literary exponent of curling (otherwise the game of " Mon " and " Soop her, Mon "), did not know that he was fighting all the time a losing battle with consumption. He died at forty-one ; and there is no doubt that, but for his sheer physical determination and rigorous outdoor life, death would have claimed him earlier. Besides being a curler he was a great caravanner, and it is possible that those who hotly dispute the merits of Ailsas and Crawfordjohns have never read his adventures on wheels all the way to John o' Groats. They have much to gain. But sport did not exhaust his interests. As a writer he has dealt most sympathetically with the delights of youth as seen in retrospect. " Days of Discovery " and " Running Wild " have in them the real thrill of childhood's unsentimental, inexhaustible zest for life, and " Totty " is perhaps the most genuinely funny collection of schoolboy sketches ever written. In the present volume we have another aspect of Bertram Smith's capacity—he appears as a writer of Scottish idylls. " Crashie Howe " is a valley remote and isolated. There is a sketch of the one shop that serves the valley, and of Aggie the shopkeeper, who rules both. And do you know what a " Deedler " is ? You must read about Crashie Howe and realise the remoteness of a valley where music is unknown to understand the office and calling of a " Deedler." " The First Ice " is a sketch of " the roarin' game," and " The Famine " an intimation of the tragedy that besets the rearer of sheep in a desolate land. There are other sketches, all excellent, and they may be commended heartily for their own sake and for the sake of the brave spirit who penned them. The book has a sympathetic introduction by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll

The Bookman's Table.

ABSALOM: A TRAGEDY; AND OTHER PLAYS AND POEMS. By Torahiko Khori. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Khori writes in Japanese, but has himself translated his play and poems, with the help of Mr. H. M. Sainsbury. The bulk of the volume is taken up with " the tragedy of Absalom," a variant on the Bible story. It will be enjoyed much more on the stage than in the closet ; there is a vagueness about the telling of the story which would be overlooked if we had the spectacle and the players before us. The tragedy of unfulfilled desires, the deaths and suicides, would be most impressive, and the dignity of the words and phrases would produce its full effect. " The Sham Hero : A Comedy for Marionettes," is a Japanese version of a story which could be found in all countries and in every age, and appropriately staged would make a popular appeal. The Prologue to an unwritten drama arouses expectations which we hope the author will one day satisfy. We think most readers will turn more often to the poems, as they will be found to be Japanese both in matter and manner.

MY YEARS OF EXILE: REMINISCENCES OF A SOCIALIST. By Eduard Bernstein. Translated by Bernard Miall. 15s. net. (Parsons.)

If, in this democratic century, there exists a person in whose mind a suspicion yet lingers that a Socialist is a not entirely respectable man, he will surely have his last doubts dispelled by reading Herr Bernstein's book of reminiscences. For this book is, before and above anything else, the work of a kindly and simple soul, a man who harbours no animosity against anybody and against whom no such feeling seems possible. When the author tells us about his exile from Germany and his work in Switzerland as editor of the anything but moderate *Socialdemokrat*, which was smuggled into Germany and secretly distributed there, we realise that the fight which Herr Bernstein and his gallant band of " comrades " waged must often have been a bitter one, hunted as they were from one country to another by the secret police, always on the alert against spies outside and within their own movement. But the author's dispassionate account of that period of the history of Socialism makes it equally obvious that he has escaped from nearly half a century of strife with a mind so charmingly childlike in its kindly serenity that we gladly forgive him for occasionally boring us with a style which loses itself in sentimental circumstantiality. For the English reader the interest naturally centres round the latter part of the book which deals with Herr Bernstein's exile in London, and his impression of prominent people he met here. Once more the sad story of Eleanor Marx, that most ill-fated of unfortunate women, is brought to mind, and Mr. Bernstein writes of her youth, her life with Edward Aveling, and ultimately her suicide, with the sympathy of a sincere friend. Many a shrewd observation is passed on the character of famous Socialists like Bernard Shaw, Belfort Bax, Cunninghame Graham and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and among the interesting incidents from the Sunday evenings at the Engels' home a particularly amusing one relates to Dr. Rudolph Meyer. The book will be read with interest not only within, but also outside Socialist circles.

THE GOLDFINCHES. By Sylvia Lynd. 3s. 6d. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Mrs. Lynd evidently has a partiality for " bird " titles to her books ; following " The Thrush and the Jay " and just preceding " The Swallow Dive," we now have " The Goldfinches," a slender little volume of poems full of fragrance and charm. Many a beautiful thought and quaint idea does the book contain, and many a vivid word picture :

" To-night the sky is like a rose
Above the little town,
A petal fallen from a rose,
The chalk-pit on the down."

And again :

" Five little poplars in a row
Stripe with long shadows half the weald,
The elm-tree shadows flow,
Like streams till all the vale is filled. . . ."

While for the sympathy and the lilt of it we must quote three of the five verses of " The Whistling Boy " :

"It is not the whistling of blackbird or wren,
Nor yet the plump chaffinch that sings in the lane;
But a little starved boy that is crooked and lame,
A little starved ruffian that hasn't a name. . . .

"Sure not from his father such happiness came,
And not from his mother who left him in shame,
The song of green fields, of the streams and the groves,
The song of sweet hopes and of confident loves.

"Oh, what puts that spirit of spring in his breast,
Oh, what makes him pipe like a bird by its nest,
Oh, what makes him whistle like blackbird or wren,
The little lame ruffian rejected of men?"

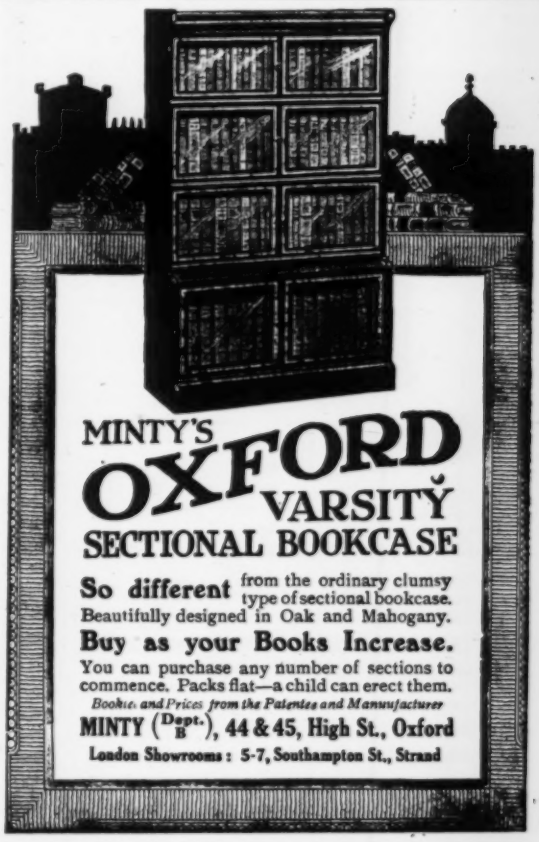
Mrs. Lynd's work is sincere and unaffected, and there is in this book a rare and distinctive quality which should win for her a place of honour among poets of to-day.

GUILD POLITICS. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

If we are to believe Mr. Taylor, the statesmen and politicians of modern Europe, after having laid half the world in ruins, have during the last few years "freely announced to all the peoples that they do not know how to rule." The result is that in England we are brought face to face with the probability of a Labour Government in the near future, and the aim of this book is "to set down in outline a policy for a new Labour Party and for a new Labour economy." The new Labour economy is that embodied in what has come to be known as the Guild theory; and the essence of the guild, we are told, is the central principle that the industrial or trading units form the most rational basis on which to build a human society. These units should be self-controlled, subject only to the sovereign State. The ideal of the guild would be social service and not profit-making; and each guildsman would have a vote in deciding affairs pertaining to his guild. This, then, is Mr. Taylor's policy for Labour; and if the Labour Party accept the Guild theory of society, it must set to to realise it. Instead of the mere pursuit of politics, the main work of Labour should be the organisation of production. Let it begin, with the help of the Co-operative movement, the practical work of organising one industry on guild lines. Let it demonstrate that the thing can be done, and the Labour Party that is to be can then commence its business, by legislating for a fact instead of an idea. So runs Mr. Taylor's argument, and he does his best to make it attractive by writing in a light and easy—not to say flippant—vein, which makes his book much more readable and persuasive than many others containing far more substance than his.

CARTAGENA AND THE BANKS OF THE SINÚ. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Cunninghame Graham is a dazzling and confusing person. He blends in himself a multitude of times and places. His vivid, responsive and daring prose finds its material indifferently in Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew, in gaucho, seaman, laird or señorita, all his demand of these being that they should have a real life of their own. In the present volume he is on ground unchallengeably his, for no one has written like Cunninghame Graham of the lost and remote life of the Spanish Americas. During the war he was sent to examine the cattle resources of Colombia, and he here presents, with all his mastery of word and phrase, a record of adventure, a gallery of character and a vision of things seen in tropical city or forest or plain. It is preposterous to think that before this task fell upon him he had laid aside his pen and vowed to write no more. Let us hear no more of that! Though we like him upon a peak in Darien we will not have him silent; for this is such a book as only he can write, a history and romance in one, a collection of unusual information about lost regions and a picture of high vivid lights or grey tones as the occasion demands. He is an asset of contemporary literature. No one else has his unique matter and his fearless art. They are both abundantly exhibited in this story of Cartagena de Indias, with its buried, forgotten life and its savour of slumbrous romance and exotic exuberance.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Music.

BRITISH MUSIC IN 1921.

BY GERALD CUMBERLAND.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Gerald Cumberland.**

EVEN those of us who are only just on the borderland of middle-age are old enough to remember the time when music in England was chaotic and fumbling, and held in contempt not only by our immediate neighbours across the sea but also by ourselves. Three hundred years ago we were the most musical nation in Europe; at the close of last century we had scarcely any music at all; to-day we have a musical life both diversified and rich, and a group of composers whose high talent and soaring aspirations at least equal, if they are not actually superior to, anything the world can show.

To trace the social, economic and other causes of this rapid development is not possible here; it will be sufficient for my purpose if I assert that the figure of Sir Edward Elgar has contributed largely to our recent musical renascence. He gave our musical life dignity; he was a rallying point for younger men; and the early recognition of his genius by Germany and the unstinted praise given him by Richard Strauss helped us to realise that in him we had a figure destined for immortality. Not that Elgar has founded a "school." His creative life has been lonely: he has had not a single imitator. His genius, strangely sensitive and energised by a nervous organism almost hysterical, has fulfilled itself by a rigid self-dependence, and even in the years of his greatest popularity many of us felt that he was in spirit remote and inaccessible, revealing beauty to the world like a snow-clad mountain peak smitten by the sun. But if he has had no imitators, he has shown the way, and many composers of the younger generation have reached their present positions through the inspiration of his example.

Yet such has been the flux of foreign musical influences into this country in recent years that Elgar has lost some of his hold upon the masses. Lately an orchestral concert devoted solely to Elgar's music—a concert conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald, a supremely fine interpreter of this composer's work—was given at Queen's Hall to a strangely sparse audience; his Second Symphony is not yet widely understood; his recent chamber music has but one admirer where "The Dream of Gerontius" has a hundred. The truth is, the musical masses are still under the astounding domination of Wagner, whose lack of reticence and splendid vulgarities are in direct opposition to the spirituality and intense, sublimated thought of Elgar. The Russians also have recently intoxicated us with their new vodka, their barbaric colours and barbarous rhythms; Debussy and Ravel have insinuated themselves into our psychology, pouring their delicate dissonances into our apprehensive ears; and once again Richard Strauss, giant-like, strides about our land. These foreign influences have disturbed the more insular current of our musical life, and on this account they have on many hands been deprecated; but disturbance is not necessarily disintegration, and though there are many signs that the individualities of some of our younger composers have been temporarily submerged in the sea of Russian and French music, the final result can scarcely be harmful. Music, after all, is the most cosmopolitan of all the arts, the most widely diffused, the most democratic; to advocate, as some writers have done, the erection of artificial barriers between one country and another, and especially between our own country and the Continent, is to assume that music is hostile to itself, that in it are antagonistic forces making for destruction. This of course is absurd.

If Elgar has worked out his own destiny, so have all the younger composers. Though Granville Bantock has ceased to make his vastly interesting experiments in huge masses of vocal sound, he still toys with orientalism; in everything he writes he stands alone. Frederic Delius refuses classification; John Ireland, a little Yellow Bookish, packs his music with his own special gold; Vaughan Williams, full of a vague mysticism, is cloistered within his own genius; Rutland Boughton, while reforming every one save himself, burns his bright lamp in Glastonbury; Joseph Holbrooke, having discarded his Poe-like dreams, is now gloriously but rather noisily Joseph Holbrooke; and Arnold Bax, Eugene Goossens and Julius Harrison and a dozen more react, each in his individual way, to the influences of their environment. For some years it has been regretted that there is no inner bond of union between these composers, no common, well-defined aim such as inspired the Lake Poets or the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Such an aim, it has been felt, would make for strength, for progress on well-established lines. But if ever there was any probability of conscious co-operation in the attainment of definite ideals, that probability exists no longer. The war destroyed it. The violent years of 1914–1918 led to violence in art, to an almost morbid intensification of the ego. The creative artist, having for five years crushed his individuality, is now face to face with the inevitable reaction; the ego within him is clamant for self-expression at whatever cost: he must be himself though that self be only a faint cry in the noise of multitudes. Hence such phenomena as Lord Berners, Erik Satie and Stravinsky, men who on occasion push music to its utmost limit of

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hideousness and whose extravagance is but rarely tempered by humour.

It might be thought that among so much varied talent there would be much confusion, that the public would be bewildered by this *embarras de richesses*, and that so many conflicting interests would make progress slow and difficult. But such is not the case. Never at any period in our history has the public had so many and such reliable guides as it possesses at the moment. A generation ago our musical criticism was contemptible, for it was incompetent, shallow and frequently dishonest. To-day, both in London and the provinces, newspaper criticism of music may not be perfect, for the conditions under which it is produced conspire to degrade it, but it is at least well-informed, fair-minded and, on the whole, constructive. Such writers as Ernest Newman, Edwin Evans, H. C. Colles, Samuel Langford and Richard Capell have done an enormous amount of spade-work in educating the musical taste of the public, in clarifying the public's ideas, and in sifting, day after day and week after week, the good music from the bad. Ernest Newman, indeed, has probably done more to educate the musical public than any man living, and no young amateur, attracted by music and wishing to understand its basic principles, can do better than study his various volumes of essays and, in particular, his books on Hugo Wolf and Wagner.

Music, then, flourishes to-day in this country with the health, the rich prodigality and the adventurousness with which literature flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Among composers we have many men of genius, but only posterity can disclose how many of them are men of the front rank. Elgar, it is agreed, is sure of immortality; of the younger generation Rutland Boughton, Arnold Bax and Vaughan Williams have already produced work that will be heard with delight by thousands yet unborn.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK.*

Professor Granville Bantock has always held the gorgeous East in fee. His "Omar Khayyám" really suggested the Orient and not the djibbahs of the Hampstead Garden Suburb. In the present set of five songs he has found a libretto that has evidently gone straight to his heart. The words are adapted from the Chinese by E. Powys Mathers and they have a life and charm that is genuinely fresh as well as exotic. Professor Bantock has given them a strongly individual and attractive setting. Possibly they might not have been written quite in this way if Stravinsky had not written that wonderful piece of *chinoiserie*, "The Nightingale"; but they are none the worse for that. "The Emperor" has an appropriate note of burlesque pomp as well as of deep feeling. "The Red Lotus" is mystic, wonderful, and doubtless has a meaning. "In the Palace" gives us a miniature tragedy of suppression. "The Peach Flower," likely to be the most popular as it is the most obvious in appeal, is a charming study in the symbolism of love. "The Garden of Bamboos" is an exquisite poem in music, with an effective *morendo* at the close. Personally we like "The Emperor" and "The Garden of Bamboos" best of all, with "The Peach Flower" as a good third.

* "Five Songs." By Granville Bantock. Words adapted from the Chinese by E. Powys Mathers. 2s. each net. (Elkin.)—"Arabian Nights." For Pianoforte. By Granville Bantock. Part III. 2s. net. (Swan.)—"Five Songs from Dramatic Lyrics." By Robert Browning. Music by Granville Bantock. 2s. net each. (Swan.)

Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Granville Bantock.**

Singers of taste and intelligence will surely welcome a set of modern songs with words in which there is no trace of the ineffable lyricism of the ballad concert. As for Professor Bantock, with his daringly subtle harmonies and rhythms, we need say no more than that he has redelivered the poems in music that is a delight to render or receive.

The third part of his "Arabian Nights" suite contains pieces five, six and seven of that set, entitled respectively, "On the Way to Damascus," "A Princess of Cathay" and "The Magic Horse." Professor Bantock here employs all the resources of an imagination sharply touched by the magic of the East, and of a musicianship that can invent delightful effects of rhythm, harmony and exotic melody to illustrate these tales of wonder. Players who take the trouble to master them will have a new and delightful addition to their repertory.

The Swan Company—publishers of "The Arabian Nights"—specialise in the production of modern high class English music. Merely as specimens of engraving and printing their work deserves credit; but most of all they must be praised for the quality of the matter they put forth. The Browning songs of Professor Bantock illustrate his power and versatility. What woman-singer of feeling and cultivation will not be glad to have finely-imagined settings of "In a Year" and "A Woman's Last Word"? And singers of both sexes will be pleased with "The Guardian Angel," "My Star" and "Home Thoughts," the last an especially full and ecstatic setting of words that everybody knows and loves. We recommend these songs to lovers of poetry and music.

MUSIC AND EDUCATION.*

The present volume by M. Jaques-Dalcroze is the gospel of a very important movement. Eurhythmics may be described as embodied music, or appreciation made visible in movement. It means, in school work, an evocation of the children's sense of rhythm and the association of real personal expression with the message of the music. Music thus becomes, not an artificial overlay passively endured, but something alive, active, creative. The eagerness with which the Eurhythmic doctrines have been taken up points to a general conviction of our failures and necessities. There is no need for us to describe at length the teachings that are held passionately by those who hold them at all. We should like instead, as more interesting to unprofessional readers, to quote what M. Dalcroze says about the English:

"As to the musical feeling of the English, it is by no means of so low a standard as is generally asserted on the Continent. The people undoubtedly love music, and their hearing and vocal capacities are normal. As in Sweden, the old folk-songs have regained a position of honour; it is quite common to see children dancing and singing in the streets, and their choral singing . . . is remarkable for its accuracy and balance. On the other hand, music is too commonly regarded, in social circles, as a mere accomplishment, and its cultivation in schools and private musical academies is largely superficial and conventional. Once the efforts of the reconstruction enthusiasts have succeeded in obtaining a due regard for music and

* "Rhythm, Music and Education." By Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. Translated from the French by Harold F. Rubinstein, with an Introduction by Sir W. H. Hadow. 15s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Twenty Caprices and Rhythmic Studies." By E. Jaques-Dalcroze. Set II. 4s. net. (Augener.)—"Psychology Applied to Music Teaching." By Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen. 15s. net. (Curwen.)

Eurhythmics in the school curriculum, the English people will not be slow in attaining a standard worthy of the descendants of the great composers who represented it so honourably in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

It would be difficult to state more clearly and cogently what is the matter with music in this country. Of the book itself we need say no more than that it must be in the library of every school and of every music teacher. Musicians will be glad to supplement it by the distinctive set of "Rhythmic Studies" published by Augeners.

The necessity for a radical reform in our approach to music will be plain to every reader of Mrs. J. Spencer Curwen's volume, in which there is a tragically significant collection of "howlers" made by young ladies in genteel educational institutions. Consider such answers as these:

"Palestrina's music is very monotonous and holy; when listened to it makes a man soar above all the evil and dark spots in his character."

"Mozart's operas were smooth, while Weber's were all large chords that only he himself could stretch."

Such things point plainly, not only to bad teaching of unsuitable matter, but to a hopelessly wrong attitude towards the whole purpose of music. Mrs. Curwen's book combines the new psychology with a long practical experience of teaching. The combination should prove highly attractive.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

FIVE SONGS AND A PIANO PIECE.*

Here are five songs exhibiting four virtues which are becoming refreshingly common. The words are of value, regard is shown for true accentuation, sense is not sacrificed to momentary effect, and the piano parts are relevant and yet of individual interest. So far they are uniformly good; in the extent to which they catch the subtler sense of the lyrics they vary greatly. The most obviously appealing even if not entirely satisfying is D. M. Stewart's setting of Masefield's "The West Wind." It is pleasing, fluent, and, except for a rather hackneyed rosalia in the second verse, fresh. The song will appeal most to mezzo-sopranos and light baritones.

Cyril Scott's setting of Teresa Hooley's "Our Lady of Violets" combines a rather deliberately simple vocal line with a piano part which, though subtle, does not obtrude except at the end of the fourth stanza, where it becomes excessive and unhelpful. Apart from a perverse jump of a ninth, which no singer will enjoy, the song is most suitable for mezzo-sopranos.

To treat afresh and successfully so famous a lyric as Sidney's "My True Love Hath My Heart" is a difficult problem which John Ireland has hardly solved. The result is of course interesting, but expresses nothing of the lyric's curious

Mr. Cyril Scott.

* "The West Wind." By D. M. Stewart. (Augener.) In E: B to E.—"Our Lady of Violets." By Cyril Scott. (Elkin.) In C: C to E, and D.—"My True Love Hath My Heart." By John Ireland. (Augener.) In E: D to F, and G.—"All Night under the Moon," Low: C to E, and High; and "Valley Moonlight." Low and High: D to G. By Edgar L. Bainton. (Winthrop Rogers.)—"Ballad for the Pianoforte." By Cyril Scott. 3s. (Elkin.)

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The most successful songs of the group are Edgar L. Bainton's settings of Gibson's "All Night under the Moon" and Bottomley's "Valley Moonlight." Both achieve beauty by simple means, both have satisfying accompaniments and vocal lines of a fine and passionate sweep which will commend them to tenors.

In his Ballad for the piano (Elkin), Cyril Scott treats in characteristic style a few bars from a Troubadour song. Structurally the piece is extremely simple. Stating his theme without accompaniment, the composer proceeds to improvise upon it with increasing emphasis and elaboration in a number of clearly defined sections. These compel interest until the *scherzando* and the three following pages, which too often seem mannered and perversely ingenious rather than relevant. Lucidity and interest return with the *molto marcato*, which leads to a broad and impressive conclusion, none the worse for being strongly reminiscent of Debussy's "La Cathédrale Engloutie."

OLD ENGLISH PIECES AND A PAGEANT.*

Mr. Norman O'Neill, already known to many players and concert-goers by his "Blue Bird" music and his later accompaniments to "Macbeth" and "Mary Rose," here offers us a set of pieces deserving of wide popularity. Without being obviously archaic they have a real flavour of Old England, and without being obviously easy, they are simple enough to be within the means of any fair pianist. The first, called "Real Morris," is a bright and rapid dance-form, full of movement. The second, "Rigadoon" (the one we like best), has the charm of something really felt, and, with its effective modulations and varied movement, gives the moderate pianist plenty of opportunity for exhibiting acquirements of touch and delivery without burdening him with technical gymnastics. The third, an "Elizabethan March," forms a vigorous and satisfactory conclusion. We commend these pieces heartily to players who want something new as well as good.

After the "plain" of Norman O'Neill we come to the "coloured" of Cyril Scott. This musician is nothing if not ambitious. Having something to say he insists in saying it entirely in his own way, and his rhythms, harmonies and inventions are distinctively original. Some have objected that Cyril Scott illustrates not so much a style as a formula; but this, at least, should be added, that he was quietly producing his musical impressionism long before young ladies at the music schools had discovered the Preludes of Debussy, and that, having found his vein in music, he has not been deterred by objections or deflected by the attractions of popularity. The three pieces here presented are called, "Sentimental Waltz," "Exotic Dance" and "Processional Dance." They are unusual and attractive, and they do not play themselves—a distinction that will attract pianists who seek music that is not only original but the cause of originality in the player.

* "Three Old English Pieces." By Norman O'Neill. 2s. 6d. net. (Schott & Co.)—"A Pageant": For Pianoforte. By Cyril Scott. 3s. 6d. net. (Schott & Co.)

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The Drama.

THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE.

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Photo by Lena Connell. **Mr. St. John Ervine.**

ONE sign of the vitality of the theatre is the incessant lamentation which it creates. I doubt whether there has ever been a time when jeremiads on the drama were not extensively pronounced, and I am very certain that there never will be a time when jeremiads will cease to be pronounced. All those who mourn over the condition of the theatre—and I have done my little bit of howling over it from time to time—are testifying to the fact that theatrical entertainment is something of a necessity to mankind and, more importantly, that mankind is never quite satisfied with the quality of the entertainment, but is constantly demanding improvement in it. So that when I, for example, in the *Observer* print columns of invective about the state of the English drama, I am not so much proving that that state is rotten as demanding that it shall be made better. In point of fact, English drama is fairly healthy in spite of some very serious handicaps in the way of producing fine work which are significant of the present time only. But those handicaps are hindering the development of every form of art and of every form of industry; they are directly attributable to the rise in the cost of production and the false increase in wages during the war. I am not an economist, but one does not require a particular mental faculty to understand that unless we can revise our system of payment in some way that is conformable to real needs, all enterprises of whatever kind are likely to be in a state of flux for a period and to terminate in disaster.

The condition of the newspapers of this country illustrates the position very aptly. So does the condition of the theatre. The cost of producing a play to-day is out of all reason even if the prices of theatre-seats were higher than they now are; but when one remembers that, except in a few cases, the prices of admission, apart from the entertainment tax, which does not benefit, but positively harms, the theatre-proprietor, are exactly what they were before the war began, it will not be difficult to realise how very complicated and

harassing theatrical production has become. An immediate result of this economic pressure upon the drama is that managers tend more and more to produce plays which will appeal to enormous crowds, and less and less to produce plays which appeal to thoughtful audiences. That is the explanation of the spectacular play which although it costs a great deal of money to stage, earns large sums for its producers because the vast majority of theatre-goers like to leave their brains in the cloak-room when they go to the play and are quite content if their eyes are gratified by pretty pictures.

These problems of pounds and pence will, however, be adjusted in time, and we need not seriously perturb ourselves about them now. What is interesting to consider is just how the theatre is going to develop. I think that we are at the beginning of a very remarkable era of theatrical enterprise. The war, so far as the theatre is concerned, marked the climax of an old tradition and, by its abruptness, caused the new era to begin almost dramatically. Most changes in institutions take place imperceptibly by a process of merging. But the war caused a most perceptible alteration in the condition of the theatre. The actor-manager, for example, disappeared almost in a single night during the war and, by a merciful dispensation, the great actor-managers were prevented from suffering the misery of seeing themselves left in neglect while their successors mounted to authority. Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir George Alexander, the most eminent and authoritative of the actor-managers, died within a few months of each other. They did their work, and then passed on with the honour they had earned still rich and untarnished. Personal control, such as Tree's, disappeared from the theatre, and the control of syndicates, such as that of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, took its place. I doubt whether the change is entirely for the good of drama. It has indisputable merits, but it also has equally indisputable demerits. Time, however, will settle the hash of the syndicates if they are not as good for drama as the actor-manager, despite his faults, often was.

I foresee a great development in the purely mechanical side of the theatre. Most of the theatres in England are hopelessly out of date. The acoustics are so wretched that they may be said to be non-existent. The stage is constructed so that the production of any but the most simple form of play is a matter of very great difficulty. The lighting apparatus is sketchy, and the method of scene-shifting is clumsy and wasteful of time. We have hardly begun to understand stage-lighting in this country, but in America this part of theatrical enterprise has been highly developed, partly because electricity is much cheaper there than in England, and partly because the American people are more willing than we are to make experiments. It is not possible for me in the space at my command to give details of mechanical development in the theatre, but in a summary fashion I can prophesy that we are likely to see before long a method of production which will be a combination of light and mechanics. The stage in every theatre will probably be a revolving stage. There will be large, deep cellars under the stage itself into which whole "sets" will be sunk after use, so that a stage manager will be able to "set a scene" of very elaborate

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character in a few moments. The arid scheme of decoration which consists of hanging curtains and no more is not likely to endure upon the stage simply because it is dull, and, on the whole, depressing. Scenery is likely to become more, rather than less, complicated, but the manipulation of it will be so easy that long waits between the acts are never likely to take place. It will then be possible to produce a Shakespearean play as it was written by its author. The use of the "apron" stage is likely to become a general custom for the performance of small scenes between large scenes. While the small scene is being acted on the apron stage, the large scenes will be whisked round on the revolving stage, and the play will proceed with hardly any interruption. Plays will then tend to be longer and more varied in scene. The modern play is a very short piece, often played in a single "set." The Elizabethan plays were very long and played in a great variety of "sets." In "The Merchant of Venice," for example, the interest switches backwards and forwards from Venice to Belmont in a way that almost breaks the heart of the modern producer, cramped by the physical conditions of the modern theatre. These troubles will disappear. Some scenes will be composed of little more than a few cheap curtains and a great deal of light. Other scenes will be of a more elaborate and detailed character. But whatever the nature of the scene may be it will be manipulated easily and swiftly.

SHAW AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

The gallant efforts of the promoters of Everyman Theatre, at Hampstead, seem likely to succeed. They certainly deserve to. In spite of a few casual revivals of the more popular plays anyone who wished to see Bernard Shaw's plays on the stage had to journey, these last few years, to Vienna or Berlin or Munich or possibly Moscow. Here is Everyman giving us this month and next a repertoire which includes "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara" and "The Showing up of Blanco Posonet." The plays are being produced by Edith Craig, on whose co-operation Mr. Macdermott is to be congratulated. It would be difficult to improve on the production of "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" as pieces of intelligent rendering by actors who were in some cases very miscast. In "Candida" the chief praise is due to Mr. Aylmer's Morell and Mr. Jefferies' Burgess. Miss Pratt, as Candida, wrestled with a part for which she was not suited—she was at her best in the final scene, but it was difficult to think of her as a poet's inspiration. Of the rest Miss Jones's Prossy was an admirable study; but she slightly overdid the exaltation caused by champagne. Prossy would be sad in her cups, even though excited. The performance of "You Never Can Tell" is full of pleasant surprises. No visitors to London should miss this Shaw season, which will continue till the middle of April.

THE WONDERFUL VISIT. By H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine. At St. Martin's Theatre.

Let me say at once that in "The Wonderful Visit" the authors, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. St. John Ervine, and the producer, Mr. Basil Dean, have collaborated to provide a very charming entertainment. The two themes of the play, the resentment felt by the leading dignitaries of the village of Siddermorton at the appearance in their midst of an angel, and their desire to rid themselves of an unmarried mother whom the kindly old vicar has sheltered, are very adroitly blended. While the three scenes, the Vicarage Garden, the War Memorial and the Vicar's Study, to say nothing of the very realistic fire which takes place at the Vicarage, are marvels of pictorial and natural beauty. I don't quite approve of the figures coming to life in the vicar's replica of Leonardo's "Madonna della Rocce"—that seems to me too childish and unworthy a trick to be employed even in a dream play. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for the admirably tasteful way in which the play has been produced; for the poses and gestures of Delia, the unmarried mother, and of the rather theatrically-clad Angel, are invariably graceful and suggestive. The farce of certain passages is perhaps a little old-fashioned. The melodrama, too, wherein the titled war-profiteer makes amorous advances to Delia and is repulsed by the Angel, seems also a little crude. But the dialogue in which Delia, kneeling before the War Memorial, talks to her dead soldier-lover is poignantly affecting; while every scene in which the aristocratic Lady Hammergallow encounters the too inquisitive Angel or the upstart war-profiteer is full of the most delightful comedy. As the Angel, Mr. Harold French makes a distinct advance in his profession. Needless to say, Miss Compton revels in the part of Lady Hammergallow. Her superb aplomb and her mastery of witty dialogue are unfailing. Then Mr. Lawrence Hanray makes a delightful vicar; while Miss Moyna Macgill gives delicate pathos to the character of Delia. W. A. L. B.

THE TEMPEST. At the Aldwych Theatre.

"The Tempest" at the Aldwych Theatre is a pleasant and enjoyable but curiously patchy production. Those parts of the play that are usually done badly are here done very well, and the parts one usually finds excellent are here done rather badly. Stephano and Trinculo, often a weariness (if no worse), are thoroughly delightful. Mr. Ambrose Manning has solved the problem of being a drunken rascal on the stage and a delight to the house, and the scenes in which he is joined by Mr. Louis Calvert as Caliban are in the best sense Shakespearean. Mr. Calvert does nothing ill; and if his Caliban (thanks to his own ineradicable geniality) is hardly vile enough, we have compensation in hearing the often moving lines of his part thoroughly well spoken. The boyish (almost girlish) and bemused Prince Ferdinand of Mr. Francis Lister seems to us entirely right in conception and presentation. Of the other characters we will briefly say that they are adequate. No attempt, fortunately, is made at elaborate mechanism—the general effort is rather on the side of what may be called imaginative realism than material realism, and we think it entirely successful.

THE BETROTHAL. By Maurice Maeterlinck. At the Gaiety Theatre.

It is as well to endeavour to forget "The Blue Bird" when visiting the Gaiety in its present happy freedom from musical comedy; for "The Betrothal" shares the handicaps inevitable to sequels, and is very reminiscent of the great play which ran for months at the Haymarket in 1910. The differences are to the disadvantage of the sequel, which has no such thrill of surprise as "There is no death"; no such wistfulness as made the cottage-scene in the Land of Memory unforgettable, nothing so uplifting as the Kingdom of the Future. A breath of that music would have been welcome in the great scene of "The Betrothal"; when Miss Gladys Cooper, looking very beautiful on her throne with its backing of worlds, is recognised as the inevitable mother by her first-born. Yes; forget "The Blue Bird"; and a great deal of charm will be found in this new entertainment. The jest on Destiny is very happy. The comic diminution of this cubist figure, portentous in the moonlight ot the first scene, until he becomes a lisping, fretful babe-in-arms, was entirely successful. Miss Gladys Cooper was delightful as Joy. Mr. Bobbie Andrews, as Tyltyl, spoke and acted excellently by the book; but not once did he show any trace of interest in the amazing circumstances about him. It was nice again to see Miss Winifred Emery. Miss Stella Campbell, as "Light," acted excellently and looked picturesque. The play, with its pretty ballet, has been thoughtfully and beautifully produced.